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Bottle and Jug

(A passage which, by some oversight, Lewis Carroll never wrote.)

"Hatta's only just out of prison," said Haigha.

"What was he in for?" Alice ventured to ask.

"A month," said the King.

"I mean," said Alice patiently, "what crime had he committed?"

"He's going to take someone else's Guinness," replied the King nervously.

"But does he go to prison *before* he takes the Guinness?" asked Alice.

"Of course," said the King. "That's how we

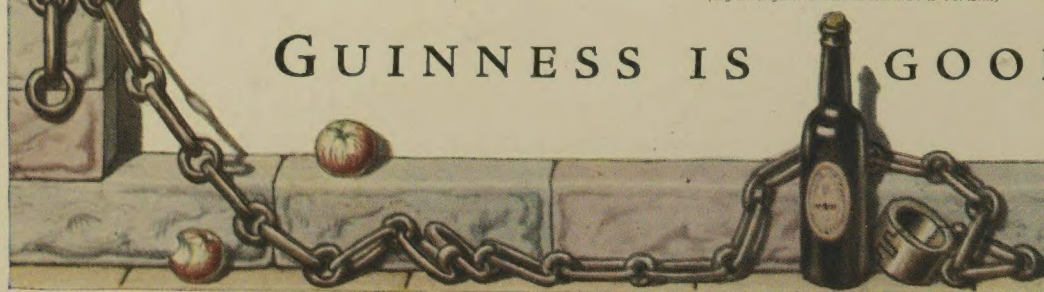
do it in Looking-Glass Land. It's much better that way. Then when he does take it no-one will mind."

"Except me," said Haigha, stretching out his hand, just too late. "Will you have the goodness to return my Guinness," he cried to Hatta.

"I can't have the Goodness if I return the Guinness," said Hatta. "My Goodness, your Guinness," he added politely.

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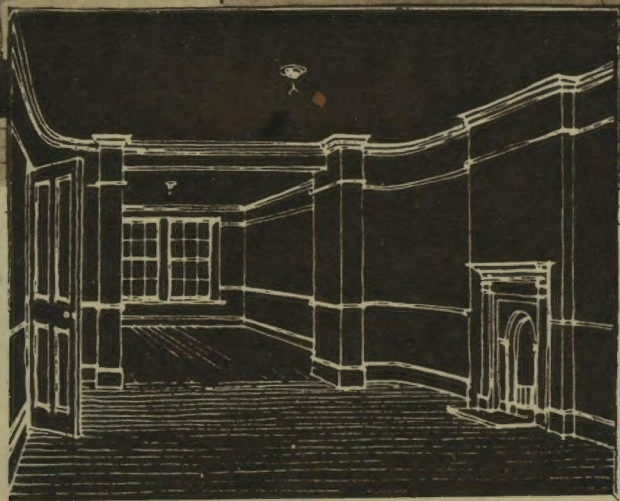
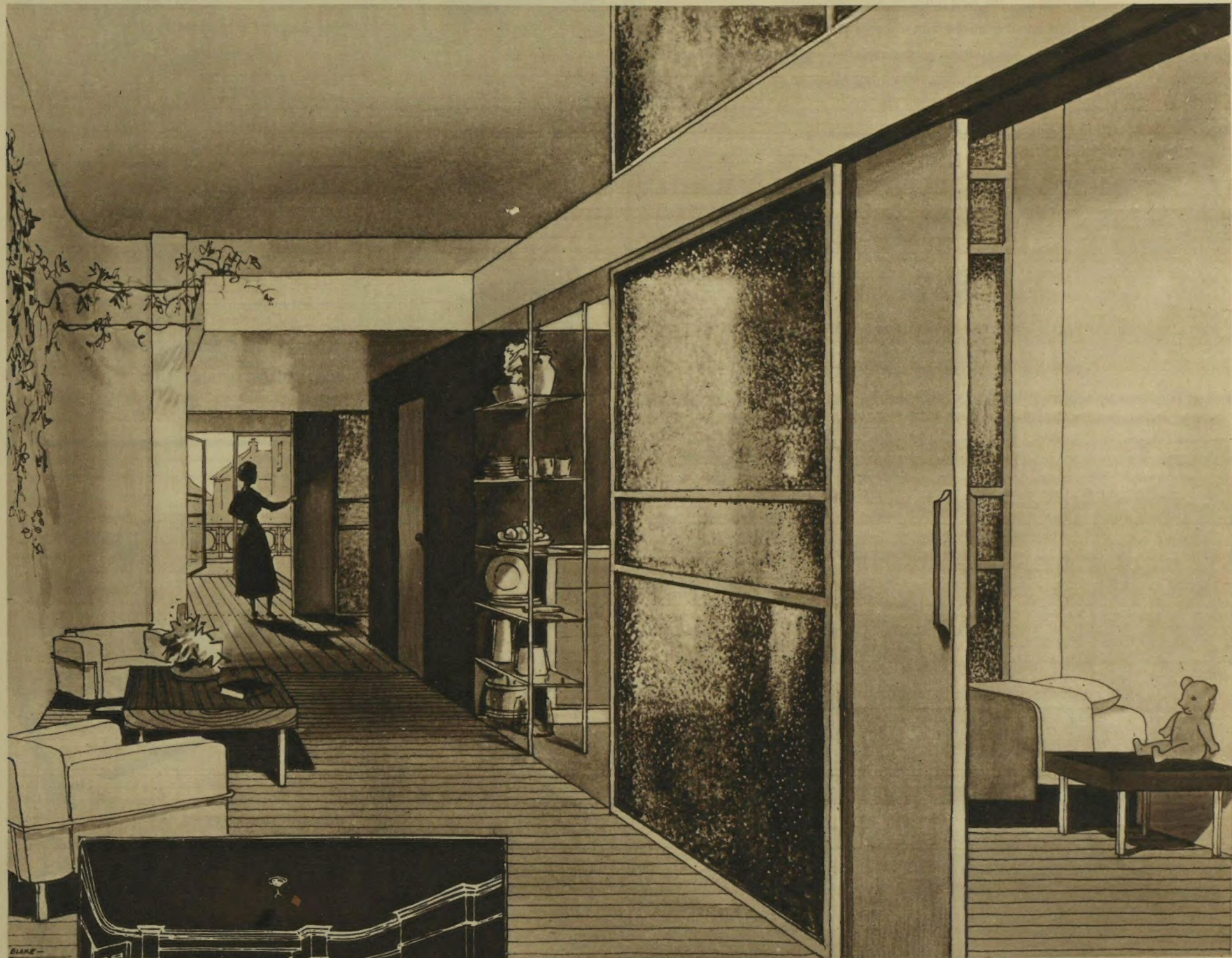
Look first at the small sketch at bottom left, to get an idea of the scene before conversion: here you are standing by the window of one of the two long rooms which, end to end, formed the whole space

available. Now switch to the larger sketch, and pick up the thread.

Hard to believe it's the same place? It is—and seen from the same view-point. The living room now occupies the full length, but not much more than half the width, of one of the original rooms, and your eye carries you through the entrance hall, which is an extension of the living room, to the main bedroom and the window at the far end. On your right a child's bedroom, a kitchen and a bathroom have been created. Notice the false ceiling suspended over bathroom and entrance hall, to bring these small rooms to usable proportions. An air-extractor duct makes an internal kitchen and bathroom possible.

Where does the glass come in? Without glass to

allow light to penetrate right through the length of the flat, it would be dark and gloomy. With glass it comes to life. The light from the window in the main bedroom reaches the entrance hall through two sheets of figured glass, seen intriguingly through each other. A light-weight hardboard screen slides between the sheets of glass, forming a door when drawn across the opening. The child's bedroom is linked to the living room in a similar way—and lights the kitchen, too. There are other vital contributions by glass, for instance a living room cupboard (not shown here) has a sliding door and shelves of glass; kitchen shelves and the bathroom cupboard door are of Rough Cast glass, and the bathroom is lined with Pot Opal Tiles.



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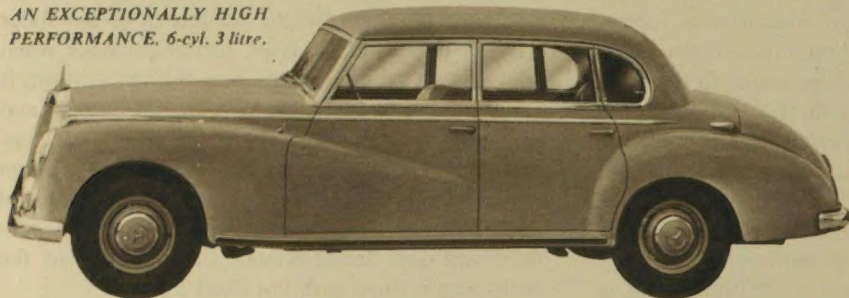
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SINCE MID-VICTORIAN TIMES



TRAIN UP A WIFE, ETC.

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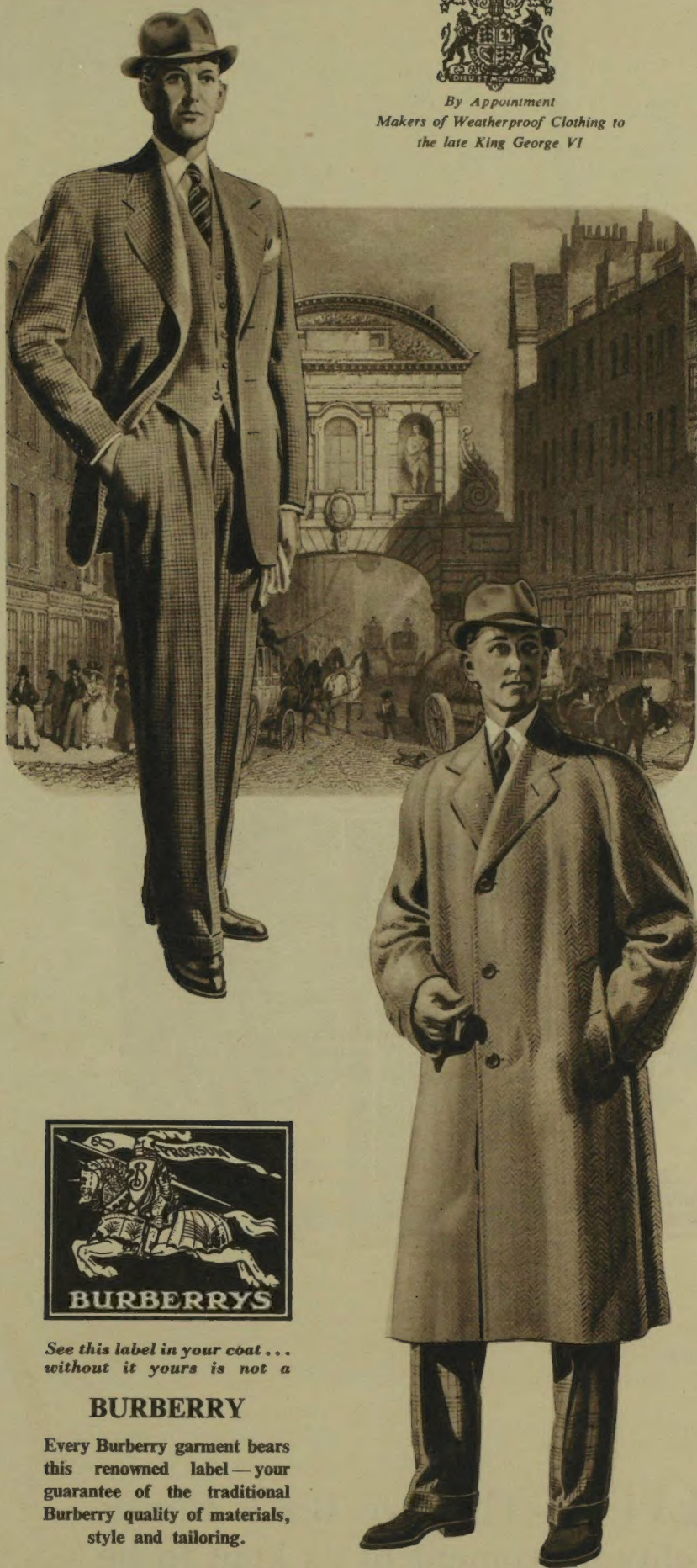
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SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1954.



GOING FROM DENMARK TO SWEDEN BY SHANKS'S MARE INSTEAD OF BY FERRY-BOAT: PEOPLE MAKING THE ICY PROMENADE ACROSS THE FROZEN SEA FROM ONE COUNTRY TO THE OTHER.

While Northern Europe shivered in the grip of the iciest winter for fifty years it was possible, at the end of February, for people in Denmark to walk to Sweden and *vice versa*. Hundreds of people living in Copenhagen took the opportunity, which does not occur often in a lifetime, to walk across the frozen Sound from Zealand to southern Sweden. Our photograph shows the Sound looking towards Sweden with, in the background, one of the many ships which were unable to sail. Icebreakers were at work trying to keep the most important shipping routes open,

especially those bringing coal and transporting goods to Britain and other countries. Among the ships which were stuck fast in the ice were the *Horsa* and *Gothland*, which run a weekly service between Copenhagen and Leith, in Scotland. There were reports of large ice floes far out in the Kattegat. Queen Ingrid of Denmark, who left Copenhagen on February 24 to visit Britain, crossed the Great Belt waterway to the mainland of West Denmark in a ferry-boat which had to push its way through pack-ice. The crossing took two hours instead of one.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE wish to satisfy one's needs and improve one's lot is inherent in human nature, and members of Parliament are no more immune to this not improper desire than humbler mortals. So no one need feel very surprised that Parliament, having conscientiously rejected the claim for what seems an elementary act of justice to veteran naval and military pensioners on the ground that it would set a dangerous and potentially costly precedent, should now have before it a proposal to make a 50 per cent. increase in the emoluments of its own members on the ground that, since the last increase in such emoluments a few years ago, the cost of living has further risen and so involved poorer members in pecuniary hardship. And, as Parliament possesses an unquestionable and unchallengeable power to authorise such an increase, it would argue a most remarkable and commendable degree of disinterestedness if, in the event, Parliament refrained from conferring such benefits on its members. The wealth created by the inhabitants of this country is, as the annual Budget reminds us, at Parliament's absolute disposal, and it can apportion and distribute it in any way it pleases. What more natural than that it should distribute a small and insignificant part of it to the support of its own hard-working and deserving members?

Not having been a member of Parliament, and never, if only for financial reasons, ever being likely to have the opportunity of being one, it would be presumptuous in me to discuss the justice or otherwise of the extent of the increased payments and benefits proposed. That is a domestic matter which only members of Parliament can rightly judge. Nor should I like to involve myself and the Editor of this journal in the fearful pains and penalties that properly befall those guilty of contempt towards the dignity and privileges of what, even in the seventeenth century a terrified subject called "the mighty, terrible Parliament." A cat may look at a king, but a journalist should be very careful how he looks at the Speaker's chair. Yet we are still not a totalitarian State, and though the sovereignty of our Parliament is absolute and unchallengeable, the subject is still permitted to comment freely on the forms and principles of his country's government. And the first point which naturally arises in a subject's mind is whether members of Parliament should be paid for their services at all. There is nothing new in the modern notion of paying them for the heavy expenses and losses in which service in Parliament involves them. In the early days of Parliament occasional attendance at the King's Court to hear and discuss Royal legislative enactments, hear petitions and approve taxation on behalf of one's fellow-subjects and neighbours was frequently remunerated by payment. Andrew Marvell, the poet, was paid a salary by his Hull constituents as late as the seventeenth century. But during the long period when membership of Parliament was almost entirely confined to the members or nominees of a richly propertied class, payment of members fell into abeyance. It had ceased to be necessary and, as membership of the House became one of the highest and most sought-after of social privileges, rich men expended vast sums in competing with one another for the votes of the electorate. Even when I was a boy—even, in the Conservative Party, when I was a young man—membership of the House was a more expensive privilege than membership of a crack cavalry regiment. The candidate for a safe seat needed not only to be able to support himself while in Parliament and defray all the expenses of his position, but to contribute a large part of the annual expenses of his constituency organisation and to defray the periodical cost—a very considerable one—of Parliamentary elections. Legislation was as expensive a luxury as polo. It was a vocation mainly for successful business men and industrialists and for the sons of

landowners, bankers and capitalists. It could only be practised by the members of a well-endowed class.

The transformation of the situation is, of course, the result of a social revolution. Except for successful gamblers in capital values who wholly escape the penal and egalitarian taxation of our cumbrous Fabian Welfare State, few industrialists and business men are capable to-day of endowing themselves, let alone their sons, for a parliamentary career. Land-owning, except on a very large scale, has ceased to be even a livelihood—so far as my own experience of it goes, it is a positive disability—while even the vast profits of banking benefit banks, not bankers. Most of those who represent their country in Parliament are either dependent on their parliamentary salaries or on Trades Union grants or the fees of part-time directorships. The difficulties of independent representation have simultaneously been increased by the vast increase in legislative work entailed by the growing socialisation of national life. Parliament regulates so vast a part of every man's existence in this once-free country that its membership has become a full-time and, indeed, a grossly overworked

profession. And the post-Baldwinian division of the electorate into two socially divided and evenly-balanced halves has made it almost impossible for a member to leave the precincts of Westminster while Parliament is sitting. His life is about as free as a slave's. He cannot even safely accept an invitation to go out to dinner!

Those, therefore, who oppose the payment of M.P.s on principle are not considering facts as they are. Unless membership of Parliament is made a salaried or otherwise remunerated profession, there can scarcely, as things are to-day, be members of Parliament at all. And unless we want to be ruled wholly by our undismissable and now, compared with the rest of the nation, highly privileged Civil Service, we had better, like the child in Belloc's poem:

Keep a hold on nurse
For fear of finding
something worse,

and accept the payment of those who canvass for our votes as a *fait accompli* and,

for the time being, a necessity. We have got to accept, as it were, George as our "lawful king" "until the times do alter." That they will alter one day, I am convinced, and it is my hope that when they do we shall return, though no doubt in some very different form, to the principles which made us as a nation great and free. Those principles were that private property was a necessary basis of a free society, and that property was a "liberty" whose rights were defended by the elected representatives of the possessors of liberty in Parliament. Judging by results—and I know of no other way of judging political institutions—it was the best system of government that man, in his slow and laborious political evolution, has ever succeeded in devising. Our temporary abandonment of it, because of certain grave social defects that had arisen through its abuse, was, I am convinced, a profound mistake. The substitution of the servile State, of an egalitarian but propertyless and libertyless multitude for a complex and unequal, but vigorous and elastic, national community has not made this country richer and stronger but poorer and weaker. Before long, I am convinced—though the prolongation of the political lives of a few great figures in both the main political Parties may prolong the fashionable philosophy of the hour for a little longer—we are in for a reaction against the Fabian conception of society. There is fight in the old freedom-loving cock of England yet and, though I probably shall not live to hear the crow that heralds the return of dawn and of a new vitality and birth of freedom, I am sure the world will one day hear it.



SMILING AND HOLDING HANDS TO INDICATE RESTORED UNITY: MAJOR SALAH SALEM, MINISTER OF NATIONAL GUIDANCE; GENERAL NEGUIB, FORMERLY PRESIDENT AND PREMIER OF EGYPT, NOW RESTORED AS PRESIDENT; AND LIEUT.-COLONEL ABDEL GAMAL NASSER, PRIME MINISTER (L. TO R.).
At 4 a.m. on February 25, the Council of the Egyptian Revolution announced that President Neguib had resigned; but it seemed clear that he had been divested of the Presidency, the Premiership and his other offices, and was in his home, under guard. Major Salah Salem explained, however, that he was not under arrest. Lieut.-Colonel Abdel Nasser became Premier, and the Presidency was left vacant. The resignation of General Neguib was unpopular, and after hours of mounting crisis, during which demonstrations in his favour took place, the scene changed. General Neguib, having stated in a letter to the Council that he had resigned voluntarily to pave the way for the Council to achieve its sublime aims, including "the expulsion of the usurper who was occupying part of Egypt's territory," the Council sent him a written invitation to resume the Presidency, "guided by a strong desire to unite and meet the wishes of the people." General Neguib did not become Prime Minister; that office remained with Lieut.-Colonel Nasser. Our photograph, taken after these events, shows the leading figures in the Egyptian military junta posed in attitudes which indicate the happy unity of the moment.



WITH MAJOR KHALED MOHIEDDIN, AN INFLUENTIAL OFFICER IN THE CAVALRY CORPS WHO PLAYED A LEADING PART IN THE NEGOTIATIONS WHICH RESULTED IN HIS RETURN AS PRESIDENT: GENERAL NEGUIB (RIGHT).



(ABOVE.)
AT THE BEDSIDE OF A STUDENT WOUNDED IN THE DEMONSTRATIONS AND RIOTING IN HIS FAVOUR WHICH FOLLOWED THE NEWS OF HIS RESIGNATION: GENERAL NEGUIB, PRESIDENT OF EGYPT.

(RIGHT.)
AFTER HAVING RECEIVED THE NEWS OF HIS RESTORATION TO POWER: GENERAL NEGUIB, WHO RESIGNED ON FEBRUARY 25; AND WAS REINSTATED ON FEBRUARY 28, AS PRESIDENT.



HAILING HIS RETURN WITH A GREAT SURGE OF ENTHUSIASM: CROWDS ASSEMBLED OUTSIDE THE REPUBLICAN PALACE, CAIRO, LISTENING TO THE SPEECH MADE BY GENERAL NEGUIB AFTER HIS REINSTATEMENT AS PRESIDENT OF WHAT IS NOW CALLED THE EGYPTIAN PARLIAMENTARY REPUBLIC HAD BEEN ANNOUNCED.

GENERAL NEGUIB'S RESTORATION TO POWER: AFTER A BRIEF ECLIPSE ONCE MORE PRESIDENT OF THE EGYPTIAN REPUBLIC.

An astonishing political drama was played out in Egypt between Thursday, February 25, and Sunday, February 28. On the Thursday, General Neguib's "resignation" from the offices of President and Premier was announced; and later Major Salah Salem, Minister of National Guidance, describing what was, in effect, a deposition, attacked him bitterly and spoke of his "trying to build up personal popularity." The fall of General Neguib was badly received in the country, and in demonstrations in his favour at least nine students and one police officer were killed during clashes with the police. As the crisis situation continued

to develop the Council of the Revolution went into session. Major Khaled Mohieddin, a personal friend of General Neguib and an influential officer in the Cavalry Corps, played a leading part in the moves which led up to General Neguib's restoration as President. After this had been announced the General addressed enthusiastic crowds from the Republican Palace balcony. He flew to Khartoum on March 1 to represent Egypt at the opening of the Sudanese Parliament, strangely enough accompanied by Major Salah Salem. Riots occurred on their arrival; in which people were killed and the opening of Parliament was postponed.



(ABOVE.) SYDNEY GIVES THE QUEEN A GREAT FAREWELL: THE SCENE AS THE *GOthic* LEFT THE HARBOUR AT THE BEGINNING OF THE TWO-DAY VOYAGE TO TASMANIA. IT WAS SYDNEY'S HOTTEST FEBRUARY DAY FOR YEARS.

ENJOYING A GRANDSTAND VIEW OF THE ARRIVAL OF THE *GOthic*: A FAMILY IN A ROWING-BOAT WATCH THE ROYAL LINER MOVING TO HER BERTH IN HOBART HARBOUR.



DRIVING PAST THE WAR MEMORIAL ON QUEEN'S DOMAIN, A HILL OVERLOOKING HOBART: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE ATTENDING A PARADE OF EX-SERVICEMEN AND WOMEN.



PART OF THE PROCESSION OF BOATS WHICH SAILED OUT TO WELCOME THE *GOthic*: THE SCENE AS THE ROYAL LINER ENTERED HOBART HARBOUR.



OFFICIALLY WELCOMED IN TASMANIA: THE QUEEN BEING GREETED ON HER ARRIVAL AT PRINCE'S PIER, HOBART, ON FEBRUARY 20.



ONE OF THE QUEEN'S FIRST ACTS AFTER HER ARRIVAL IN TASMANIA: HER MAJESTY UNVEILING A MEMORIAL MARKING THE FOUNDATION OF HOBART 150 YEARS AGO.

THE ROYAL TOUR OF AUSTRALIA: HER MAJESTY'S DEPARTURE FROM SYDNEY AND ARRIVAL IN TASMANIA.

On February 18, in scorching heat, Sydney bade farewell to the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh as they left on their voyage to Tasmania. As the Royal visitors boarded the *Gothic*, the harbour was filled with the sound of cheering and the sirens of tugs, liners, and many other craft. Two days later, on February 20, the Royal liner arrived in Hobart Harbour, one of the finest in the world. One of the Queen's first acts was to unveil a memorial on

the site where Colonel David Collins brought the ships *Ocean* and *Lady Nelson* up the Derwent 150 years ago, and founded Hobart. The Queen and the Duke fulfilled a round of engagements during their five-day stay, and their welcome by the people of Tasmania, though less boisterous than Sydney's, was equally heartfelt. Except for the last night of their visit, the Queen and the Duke stayed in Government House with Sir Ronald and Lady Cross.



AFTER OPENING THE FIFTH SESSION OF THE THIRTIETH PARLIAMENT OF TASMANIA: THE QUEEN LEAVING PARLIAMENT HOUSE, HOBART, ON FEBRUARY 22.



ARRIVING AT ST. DAVID'S CATHEDRAL, HOBART, FOR DIVINE SERVICE ON FEBRUARY 21: THE QUEEN WITH THE BISHOP OF TASMANIA, DR. G. F. CRANSWICK.



LEAVING THE CITY HALL IN HOBART AFTER A STATE BALL: THE QUEEN WEARING A LILAC-COLOURED DRESS OF EMBROIDERED ORGANDIE.



LEAVING ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, IN MELBOURNE, AFTER DIVINE SERVICE ON FEBRUARY 28: THE QUEEN, FOLLOWED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH. (Radio picture.)

THE ROYAL TOUR OF AUSTRALIA: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN IN HOBART AND IN MELBOURNE.

During her five-day visit to Tasmania the Queen opened the fifth session of the thirtieth Parliament of Tasmania on February 22. The ceremony took place in Parliament House, Hobart, and the Queen, who was accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, wore a white dress and the blue sash and the star of the Garter. In the afternoon there was an Investiture and a party in the grounds of Government House, and in the evening the Royal visitors attended a State Ball in the City Hall. On February 23 the Queen and the Duke drove nearly 150 miles through

the countryside of Northern Tasmania and spent the night at a large sheep station called Connorville, as the guests of Mrs. O'Connor and her son. On the following day the Queen and the Duke flew to Melbourne to continue their tour of the Australian mainland. Melbourne gave the Royal visitors a great reception and thousands of people roared their acclamation during the ten-mile drive from Essendon Airport to the city. At Parliament House, the Queen received a joint address of welcome from the Legislative Council and Assembly.

SIX YEARS IN THE ROYAL PALACE AT BANGKOK.

"THE ENGLISH GOVERNESS AT THE SIAMESE COURT"; By ANNA LEONOWENS.

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

SOME years ago I reviewed in this place a book (I think called "Anna and the King of Siam") which gave an account, largely based on her own narrative, of a young English widow's six-years sojourn at Bangkok as governess to the Royal family, in the 'sixties of the last century. In 1870 she published her book; the present volume is a reprint of it. Shortly after the first book I mention was published a film was made on the theme; at the present moment a play based on it is running in London. The writer of the Introduction says: "I cannot but deplore the effect of the film and the play upon my Siamese friends."

Mrs. Leonowens was in the East when she lost her husband, and in 1862, not wishing to return to her family, accepted the job in Bangkok. Her tussle with the able King Mongkut began as soon as she landed. She had been promised a house for herself and her son, but found that she was expected to live in the Royal palace. She stood firm; was told she could have her way; and then found that she had been allotted two filthy rooms in a slummy fish-market. She dug her toes in more firmly than ever, and got her way and a delightful dwelling. The lesson thus early learnt stood her in good stead. It was clear that there was only one manner in which to deal with the King when his despotic nature and fiery temper led him to be unreasonable: and from first to last, however she might be temporarily boycotted or threatened with dismissal, she stood her ground and won. "I have," said he, at their first interview, "sixty-seven children. You shall educate them, and as many of my wives, likewise, as may wish to learn English. And I have much correspondence in which you must assist me. And, moreover, I have much difficulty for reading and translating French letters; for French are fond of using gloomily deceiving terms. You must undertake; and you shall make all their murky sentences and gloomy deceiving propositions clear to me. And, furthermore, I have by every mail foreign letters whose writing is not easily read by me. You shall copy on round hand, for my readily perusal thereof." She took it all on: and among her pupils was the young Prince Chulalongkorn, who was later to have such a long and beneficent reign, and who remembered her with affection.

The King comes vividly to life in her pages: absurd in his rages, yet capable of great affection, a learned devotee of his religion who nevertheless buried harmless peasants alive in the foundations of a new gate, a man with a zeal and talent for learning languages, yet too painstakingly elaborate in his use of them. He was capable of humour; but his English causes more amusement than he intended—not the mere cheap amusement which anybody can derive from a foreigner's faulty use of his tongue, but a subtler form of it which comes from the revelation of character given by the sort of misuse—he was always hunting for new and strange terms in the dictionary. With all his faults, he knew her merits. Ill-health drove her to resign her post, and his last speech was: "Mam! You much beloved by our common people, and all inhabitants of palace and royal children. Every one is in affliction of your departure; and even that opium-eating secretary, P'hra-Alack, is very low down in his heart because you will go. It shall be because you must be a good and true lady. I am often angry on you, and lose my temper, though I have large respect for you. But nevertheless you ought to know you are a difficult woman, and more difficult than generality." The relations between the stubborn King and the stubborn young governess, their long struggle



PRESENTATION OF A PRINCESS.

Mrs. Leonowens writes: "When a King of Siam would take unto himself a wife, he chooses a maiden from a family of the highest rank, and of royal pedigree. . . . It may be his pleasure to exalt her to the throne; in which event he appoints a day for the formal consummation of his gracious purpose. . . . The Princess, robed in pure white, is seated on a throne elevated on a high platform. . . . The priests enumerate, with nice discrimination, the various graces of mind and person which henceforth she must study to acquire. . . . Then she is hailed queen, with a burst of exultant music."

occasionally flaring up into furious scenes, the monarch certainly meeting his match, give the book as strong a central thread as could be wished for in any story. But there are plenty of other characters clearly sketched, notably the overbearing Prime Minister and several of the women and children of the palace. There is enough of Siamese history to make the curious wish for more, and the descriptions of scenes and ceremonies, temples, waterways and illuminations show that the authoress could have written good, straightforward travel-books even had she had no personal history to reveal. We see something of the conduct of foreign

affairs—the French, who had been trying to obtain influence in Siam ever since Louis XIV., were especially dreaded—of commerce, music, the drama and popular games. Gambling was very popular (one sad concubine was put in a dungeon because she couldn't resist it), flying kites was an adult pastime (and a subject for gambling!), what we call badminton was played with the feet, and what she calls "Croquet on Horseback" seems to have been a sort of golf-polo, with holes instead of goal-posts. But I suppose

that the first enquiry of most English people of her time would have been, "Has she anything to say about White Elephants?"

She has indeed. She tells us that the white elephant is really salmon-pink, and is supposed to be animated by the spirit of some old king or hero, and, in view of his past experience, believed capable of averting national calamities and bringing peace and prosperity. Naturally his capture is a great event, and the special messenger who brings the news to the capital "undergoes the painfully pleasant operation of having his mouth, ears, and nostrils stuffed with gold." As for the elephant, his progress is majestic: "Orders are promptly issued to the woons and wongses of the several districts through which he must pass to prepare to receive him royally, and a wide path is cut for him through the forests he must traverse on his way to the capital. Wherever he rests he is sumptuously entertained, and everywhere he is escorted and served by a host of attendants, who sing, dance, play upon instruments, and perform feats of strength or skill for his amusement, until he reaches the banks of the Meinam, where a great floating palace of wood, surmounted by a gorgeous roof and hung with crimson curtains, awaits him. The roof is literally thatched with flowers ingeniously arranged so as to form symbols and mottoes, which the superior beast is supposed to decipher with ease. The floor of this splendid float is laid with gilt matting curiously woven, in the centre of which his four-footed lordship is installed in state, surrounded by an obsequious and enraptured crowd of mere bipeds, who bathe him, perfume him, fan him, feed him, sing and play to him, flatter him. His food consists of the finest herbs, the tenderest grass, the sweetest sugar-cane, the mellowest plantains, the brownest cakes of wheat, served on huge trays of gold and silver; and his drink is perfumed with the fragrant flower of the *dok mallee*, the large native jessamine. Thus, in more than princely state, he is floated down the river to a point within seventy miles of the capital, where the King and his court, all the chief personages of the kingdom, and a multitude of priests, both Buddhist and Brahmin, accompanied by troops of players and musicians, come out to meet him, and conduct him with all the honours to his stable-palace. A great number of cords and ropes of all qualities and lengths are attached to the raft, those in the centre being of

fine silk (figuratively, 'spun from a spider's web'). These are for the King and his noble retinue, who with their own hands make them fast to their gilded barges; the rest are secured to the great fleet of lesser boats. And so, with shouts of joy, beating of drums, blare of trumpets, boom of cannon, a hallelujah of music, and various splendid revelry, the great Chang Phouok is conducted in triumph to the capital." What reverence was felt for these eminent tuskers may perhaps be indicated by a report from a Siamese Ambassador to the Court of Queen Victoria. "One cannot," he said, "but be struck with the aspect of the august Queen of England, or fail to observe that she must be of pure descent from a race of goodly and warlike kings and rulers of the earth, in that her eyes, complexion, and above all her bearing, are those of a beautiful and majestic white elephant." I wonder if anybody ventured to pass that on to her Majesty!

This edition would have been improved had it given us some information about Mrs. Leonowens' origin, and what happened to her and her children after she left Siam. She was a very remarkable woman.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 376 of this issue.



THE SUPREME KING OF SIAM: HIS MAJESTY, SOMDETH P'HRA PAARMENDR MAHA MONGKUT, KING MONGKUT, FOURTH SOVEREIGN OF THE CHAKRI DYNASTY, REIGNED FROM 1851 TO 1868.



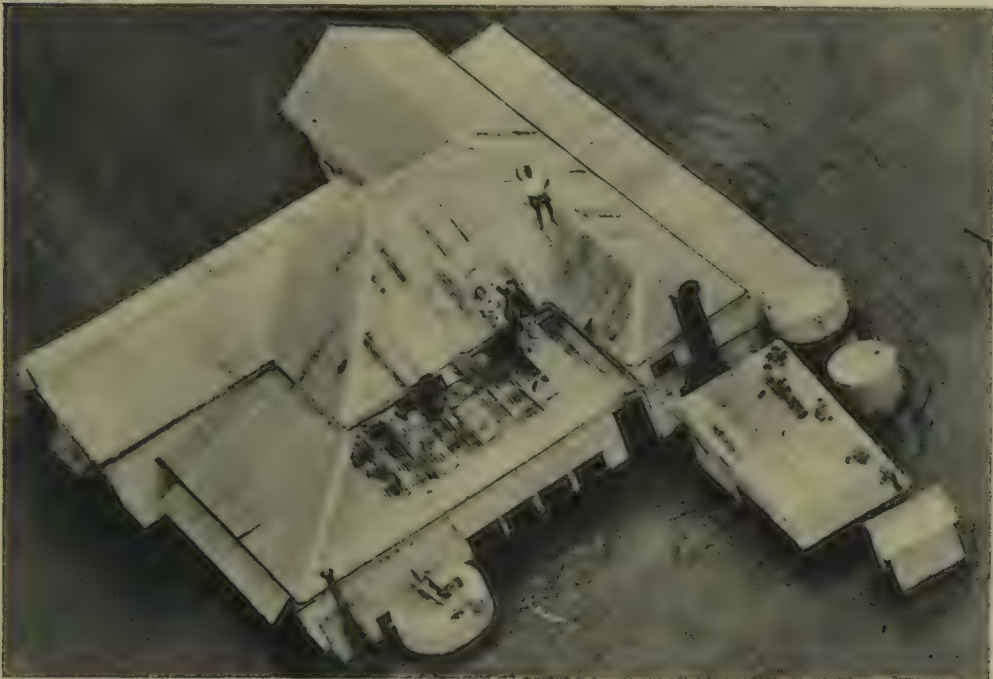
THE HEIR-APPARENT: "THE PRINCE SOMDETH CHOWFA CHULALONGKORN WAS ABOUT TEN YEARS OLD WHEN I WAS APPOINTED TO TEACH HIM. . . . FOR A SIAMESE, HE WAS A HANDSOME LAD; OF STATURE NEITHER NOTICEABLY TALL NOR SHORT; FIGURE SYMMETRICAL AND COMPACT, AND DARK COMPLEXION."

Illustrations from the book "The English Governess at the Siamese Court"; by Courtesy of the Publisher, A. Barker, Ltd.

QUEENSLAND AND N.S.W. FLOODS: SOME STRICKEN ROYAL TOUR TOWNS.



ROCKHAMPTON, A QUEENSLAND TOWN OF 40,000 INHABITANTS, AFTER THE MONSOON FLOODS OF FEBRUARY 14. TWO RAILWAYS (LEFT AND RIGHT CENTRE) WERE CUT BY THE WATERS.



VICTIMS OF THE CYCLONE WHICH STRUCK THE QUEENSLAND-N.S.W. BORDER ON FEBRUARY 21: TWO WOMEN, ONE CARRYING A BABY, WAVE FROM THE ROOF OF THEIR FLOODED HOME AT CASINO, N.S.W.



WHERE THE QUEEN HAD SPENT THE NIGHT ELEVEN DAYS BEFORE: THE GOLLAN HOTEL (CENTRE, DIAGONALLY FROM CHURCH) AT LISMORE, WITH THE STREETS 10 FT. DEEP IN FLOODWATER.



PARACHUTES DROPPED BY THE R.A.A.F. AND BRINGING FOOD AND MEDICAL SUPPLIES TO PEOPLE ISOLATED BY THE QUEENSLAND FLOODS, AT SPRINGSURE.



WADING TO THE BUTCHER'S: ROCKHAMPTON WOMEN BUYING THEIR PROVISIONS DURING THE TIME WHEN MONSOON RAINS CAUSED THE FITZROY RIVER TO BURST ITS BANKS AND FLOOD THE TOWN.

DURING February 9 and 10 the Queen visited northern New South Wales, staying the night at Lismore and visiting Casino. During this time a prolonged drought broke; and on February 14, about 400 miles up the coast, heavy monsoon rains swelled the Fitzroy River, which broke its banks and severely flooded a wide area, including the town of Rockhampton, which her Majesty is due to visit on March 15. During this flood some six people lost their lives, more than 1300 were made homeless and damage to property was estimated at £A500,000. A week later, on February 21, a cyclone struck near the Queensland-New South Wales border, and even severer floods inundated Lismore, Casino and that district. Here the death-roll was said to be eighteen and several thousand people were made homeless. The Queen has sent a message of sympathy. Government grants of £A40,000 were made, and the *Sydney Morning Herald's* relief fund reached £A12,000 in twenty-four hours.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



NEW HEADMASTER FOR WINCHESTER:
MR. H. D. P. LEE.

Mr. H. D. P. Lee, Headmaster of Clifton since 1948, has been appointed Headmaster of Winchester in succession to Dr. W. F. Oakeshott. Mr. Lee, who is forty-five, was educated at Repton and at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, where he became a Fellow in 1933 and a Tutor in 1935. From 1937 to 1948 he was University Lecturer in Classics.



APPOINTED DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF THE BRITISH COUNCIL: MR. A. P. SINKER, C.B.
Mr. Algernon Paul Sinker, First Civil Service Commissioner since 1951, has been appointed Director-General of the British Council in succession to Sir Ronald Adam. Born in 1905, he was educated at Haileybury and Cambridge. He was Director of Training and Education, Treasury, 1945-50; and adviser to the Egyptian Government on Civil Service questions, 1950.



REAPPOINTED LORD HIGH COMMISSIONER:
THE DUKE OF HAMILTON.

As announced on February 23, the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon has been appointed Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. This will be the second year that his Grace has held the appointment. The Duke of Hamilton is the Premier Peer of Scotland and is Hereditary Keeper of the Palace of Holyroodhouse.



ENGINEERING UNION'S NEW PRESIDENT:
MR. R. OPENSHAW.

Mr. R. Openshaw, a non-Communist member of the Executive Council of the Amalgamated Engineering Union, defeated his Communist opponent, Mr. C. Berridge, in the election for the Presidency of the Union, the results of which were announced on February 23. Mr. Openshaw, a member of the General Council of the Trades Union Congress since 1948, is sixty-two.



DIED AGED EIGHTY-THREE: MRS. SMUTS,
WIDOW OF GENERAL SMUTS.

Mrs. Smuts died on February 25. Formerly Miss Sybella Krige, she married Jan Christiaan Smuts in 1897. A Republican during the first years of her married life, she came to share her husband's ideals. Known as "Ouma" (Granny) she was much loved in South Africa, and during World War II, rallied the women and raised money for comforts for the Forces.



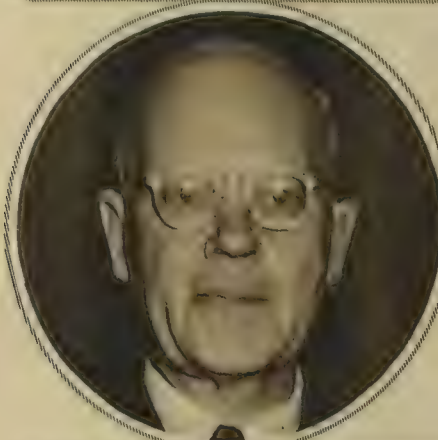
DIED ON FEBRUARY 26: THE VERY REV. W. R. INGE.

The Very Rev. W. R. Inge, divine, scholar and philosopher, was Dean of St. Paul's from 1911 until 1934, and was ninety-three. From 1905 to 1907 he was Vicar of All Saints', Ennismore Gardens, and from 1907 to 1911 Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity and Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. The rightness of his views apart, Dean Inge was one of the most effective polemical writers of his time, and the many books he wrote include "England" and "Victorian Age." For thirty years he was a regular contributor to the *Evening Standard*, and his "Lay Thoughts of a Dean" is a collection of his contributions to the Press.



DEPOSED PRESIDENT OF SYRIA: BRIGADIER SHISHAKLI.

The overthrow of Brigadier Shishakli, President of Syria since 1951, came on February 25, when he handed in his resignation to the Syrian Chamber of Deputies after a one-day revolt by the Army against him. Brigadier Shishakli immediately fled the country for the Lebanon, and is reported to be en route for Saudi Arabia, where he will seek political asylum.



"THE BUTCHER OF PARIS": THE FORMER S.S. GENERAL KARL OBERG.

The trial of the former S.S. General Karl Oberg, known as "The Butcher of Paris," and of his principal subordinate, former S.S. Colonel H. Knochen, opened in Paris on February 22 but has now been postponed. They are charged, among other things, of being responsible for the deportation of 200,000 Frenchmen to German concentration camps.



NEW SYRIAN PRESIDENT: HASHEM BEY ATASSI.

Hashem Bey Atassi became President of Syria on February 28, in succession to Brigadier Shishakli, after the latter's overthrow a few days earlier. President Atassi, who is eighty, was President of Syria in November 1951, when Brigadier Shishakli seized full powers, and resigned three days later. Triumphant arches have been erected in Damascus to welcome him from Homs, where he had been conferring with leaders of the coup.



ALPINE PHOTOGRAPHER: FIELD MARSHAL MONTGOMERY.

Our picture shows Field Marshal Lord Montgomery with his pilot, Colonel Luethy, in a Messerschmitt 108, before taking off to fly over the Alps. On other pages in this issue we reproduce some very fine photographs of the mountains taken by the Field Marshal on this occasion.




AMERICAN EVANGELIST IN BRITAIN:
MR. "BILLY" GRAHAM.

Mr. "Billy" Graham, the American evangelist, arrived at Southampton in the liner *United States* on February 23. Before the start of his three-months evangelist crusade in Greater London, Mr. Graham denied that he had come to talk about political matters. Flourishing a Bible, he declared: "I am here to preach nothing but what is in this book. . . ."




SAYING FAREWELL TO THE U.S.A.: SIR GLADWYN JEBB.

Sir Gladwyn Jebb, Ambassador-designate to France and formerly Britain's representative at the U.N., was dined by the Pilgrims of the U.S.A. in New York on February 24. He is seen (right) talking to Mr. H. C. Lodge (centre), U.S. representative at the U.N., and Mr. H. Bullock, chairman of the Pilgrims.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE GOLIATH FROG.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

SOME years ago, an American lady in London explained to me her interest in psychical research: since we knew all there was to know about our own world, we had to turn to others, she pointed out, if we wished to increase our knowledge. She may, of course, have been speaking figuratively, but whether this was so or not, there have been many occasions during the intervening quarter of a century when her words have sprung to mind. In fact, the gaps in our knowledge of even commonplace things are not only many, but often surprising. The Goliath Frog is not a commonplace animal, in the true sense, yet it is so to me, for a specimen of it exhibited in the gallery of the Natural History Museum in London provides one of my earliest recollections of that institution. It was there thirty years ago, the largest of all known frogs living to-day, squatting on its haunches, its large mouth slightly agape, with the hind-quarters and tail of a rat protruding from it, the head and front part of the body already engulfed. This same frog, with the same rat in its mouth, is still there, and it had never struck me as remarkable that a frog should be able to catch a nimble, active rat until somebody asked me the other day if frogs really do eat rats.

The question pulled me up short, for it brought the sudden realisation that here was an animal with which I had been on familiar terms for many years and it had never occurred to me to find out what it eats. Moreover, although I could, at any time during the past thirty years, have shut my eyes and visualised perfectly the form of this large frog and especially the form and pattern of the hind part of the entrapped rat, it had never occurred to me to find out where it lives. So began the search for information about the Goliath Frog. There is, in fact, very little known about this largest frog in the world. It has been referred to in the scientific literature, so far as I can see, no more than four times and is rarely mentioned in the popular literature.

The first reference to *Rana goliath* is the original description by E. G. Boulenger in the "Annals and Magazine of Natural History" for 1906, of "the largest known frog" discovered by Mr. G. L. Bates in the South Cameroons. The external form is described, together with some details of the anatomy. Apart from this we learn no more than that it was known from a single specimen measuring nearly 9½ ins. (250 mm.) from the tip of the snout to the end of the body; that it came from Efulen; that a "still larger specimen was caught along the Kribi River, between Efulen and the coast"; and that the larger one escaped. This second specimen was found "in a pool which some women were fishing out with scoop-nets."

The original Goliath Frog was dark olive-green above, with small, darker spots on the body and irregular cross-bars on the limbs; the hinder-side of the thighs blackish, dotted with white and yellowish-white on the undersides. The skin was finely shagreened above

with small warts, especially on the sides, and there was a strong curved fold from the eye to the shoulder. There was little else remarkable about it, except such details as would interest a specialist, apart from its size.

The next reference to it appears to be that by Barbour in "Copeia" for 1923, who tells us that,

the coast, from the Rio Benito, in Spanish Guinea, to the south, to the Sanaga River, in the central Cameroons, in the north. Barbour also adds a few details of its habits, that it is very shy, seldom leaves the deep water and is rare everywhere. A few are caught by the natives each year when the women during the dry season build dams across the streams and bale them dry to catch the fish. A few also are killed by the pygmies with bow and arrow. The difficulties of obtaining specimens for study are two-fold: that the natives eat them for food; and that "their thigh bones are used in divination so that specimens . . . are seldom given up for preservation."

"European residents, in diverse walks of life, and Africans of all classes, constantly plied us with questions as to the likelihood of finding Giant Frogs in their area, and we gained the impression that a widespread popular interest had been fostered in this almost mythical beast." The quotation is from Ivan T. Sanderson, writing in *The Nigerian Field*, in 1936, after a collecting trip in Nigeria and the Cameroons. But although he deals at length with "five claimants to the title of Giant Frog in West Africa," including the authentic holder of the title, *Rana goliath*, he adds little more to what has already been said except the statement that it is known at present from only a dozen specimens. He also quotes the opinion of an American authority that the species is extinct, adding that he feels the statement is unjustified, which means among other things, presumably, that he himself did not have the good fortune to find it.

Sanderson's view is upheld by the publication in *La Nature*, in 1950, of an account of a Goliath Frog which had been wounded by pygmies but which had then been obtained alive and sent to Paris. There, in the Museum d'Histoire Naturelle, it had been kept in a vivarium for several weeks, when it died, whether from its wounds or other causes is not stated. Pierre Gauroy's notes on this occasion stress the paucity of our knowledge of the species and, for the rest, are taken up with re-telling little more than has already been told on this page. There is, however, the statement that its normal food consists mainly of fish.

Apart from its giant size and very restricted range, our main interest in the Goliath Frog is centred in the little we know of its habits. In this last it is not unique. There are many species known to science of which our ignorance is as great at the moment. To underline the paucity of our knowledge of the species at present under discussion, let me return to this specimen

in the Natural History Museum in London. In spite of the information given by Gauroy, that the food of the Goliath Frog is mainly fish, I am assured that before this specimen was put on show in London, enquiries were made, probably of the type referred to by Barbour, namely, "by correspondence and by word of mouth," and as a result of these, rats were believed to form at least a not negligible part of the diet.



THE LARGEST OF LIVING FROGS: THE GOLIATH FROG (*Rana goliath*), WHICH IS FOUND IN A RESTRICTED AREA IN THE CAMEROONS. MEASURING UP TO A FOOT FROM THE TIP OF THE SNOUT TO THE HIND END OF THE BODY, IT IS SAID TO BE SHY AND TO KEEP TO THE DEEP WATERS. (INSET.) THE COMMON FROG (*Rana temporaria*) TO THE SAME SCALE.



"SQUATTING ON ITS HAUNCHS, ITS LARGE MOUTH SLIGHTLY AGAPE, WITH THE HIND-QUARTERS AND TAIL OF A RAT PROTRUDING FROM IT . . .": A SPECIMEN OF THE GOLIATH FROG IN THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM. THE DIET OF THIS FROG IS BUT ONE OF THE MANY THINGS IN DOUBT. THE ONLY SPECIMEN KEPT ALIVE, IN PARIS, IS SAID TO HAVE FED ON FISH. THERE IS, HOWEVER, REASON TO SUPPOSE THAT THE FROG EATS RATS, WHICH PRESUPPOSES THAT IT MUST SOMETIMES LEAVE THE WATER.

Photographs by permission of the Trustees of the British Museum (Natural History).

although few recent discoveries have caused more universal interest than its discovery in 1906, the frog "has not figured largely in the literature but as occasion offered, by correspondence and by word of mouth." To this he adds details of the animal's range obtained from the Rev. George Schwab, lately returned from West Africa. The area in which it was considered to be living is a strip, 150 miles wide from



THE arrival of a book on Ingres, by Georges Wildenstein, from the Phaidon Press, apart from being welcome, has set me wondering what opinion the present generation in England holds concerning this indubitably great painter, with his mastery of line. I suspect admiring and maybe a trifle unsympathetic, because that opinion would presumably rest upon our reactions to the two paintings by him which are most familiar to us—that is, the Angelica and the Madame Moitessier. We admire the smooth beauty of the former, but are a little bothered by what appears to us to be the deliberate distortion of the neck muscles, and we are enchanted by the latter's dress and the lovely painting of the hands, but are liable to be repelled by that comfortable lady's expression of smug self-satisfaction. A far nobler Angelica, to my mind, is the study belonging to the Fogg Art Museum, in which the figure is placed in a more restful pose. All this, of course, is merely saying that in England we lack the opportunity of studying Ingres as he deserves. When we do venture abroad we find "La Source"—as well-known a painting as any in the world—lovely, but just a trifle empty and sentimental; to-day perhaps we prefer our nudes a little closer to earth and with sunlight round them, not the stagnant air of a studio—in short, something of the quality of the delicious Renoir which the Tate Gallery discarded for a Picasso and a Matisse in 1944.

We look at the famous "Turkish Bath," that hymn in praise of women, and say flippantly, "Too much meat," but wonder at the marvellous drawing, and especially the figure in the foreground with its back towards us, playing the mandoline, and then realise that this elaborate composition was painted in 1863, but that the figure is taken from "The Bather of Valpinçon" (Fig. 3), painted in Rome in 1808, surely a far finer picture and as noble a nude as can be imagined. We find "The Apotheosis of Napoleon" as absurd as any similar official composition of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in any country,



FIG. 2. "LE COMTE LOUIS-MATHIEU MOLÉ," PRIME MINISTER UNDER LOUIS-PHILIPPE (1781-1855); BY J. A. D. INGRES (1755-1867). SIGNED J. INGRES PINTXIT 1834.

The magnificent painting of the hands of the sitters is a feature of portraits by Ingres. This painting, originally in the possession of the Molé family, was subsequently in the collections of various members of the de Noailles family. It is now in a private collection.

and his few Madonnas foreshadowing the mawkish religiosity of his followers—that whole school which the French dismiss as "St. Sulpice." But, after all this is said, what forceful, what magnificent works

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. FRANCE AND SPAIN.*

By FRANK DAVIS.

remain—the great portraits of men, the wonderful drawings, and—I suggest as fine as any—the several portraits of himself, from the first one at the age of twenty-four (oddly Spanish in feeling) to those done when he was seventy-eight. Odd, too, how this pupil of David, this lover and follower of Raphael, whom we were once taught to think of as a cold and almost inhuman classicist, turns out to be in his heart of hearts a romantic of the romantics, and, certainly in the best and least official of his portraits a shrewd



FIG. 1. "SAINT MARGARET"; BY FRANCISCO DE ZURBARÁN (1598-1664).

This painting is Zurbarán's only Virgin Saint in contemporary dress, that of a Spanish shepherdess, vermillion skirt edged in green; blue jacket lined with crimson, white chemise, grey sheepskin top jacket over a dark-red bodice. Whitish wool saddle-bag striped in red, blue, green and yellow. Green sandals. (6 ft. 4½ ins. by 3 ft. 8½ ins. National Gallery, Trafalgar Square.)

and penetrating interpreter of character. As if that were not enough, the hands of his sitters are as well worth study as the hands of a Rubens. I have already mentioned the hands of Madame Moitessier—not less beautifully done are the hands of his men—for example, the hands of the Comte Louis-Mathieu Molé (Fig. 2). As for the drawings, a few, but enough, are illustrated to indicate his uncanny, unerring gift for catching a likeness (and in spite of some theorists I still believe that a portrait should be recognisable as such!), and of indicating the dress with such economy of line. Mr. Wildenstein points out that "his [Ingres] aim, his only aim, is man. Above all, he searches for the expression of a sentiment, of the situation. The psychological schematisation of most of his personages is for Ingres the supreme ability by which he expresses the emotions"—rather obscure this—and elsewhere "he does not appreciate the poetry of a tree, of a landscape. He knows how to make them participate in the perfection of a painting; he does not perceive their unique existence." And here is a penetrating comment by Baudelaire which could well be applied to other painters of his calibre: "The works of M. Ingres, which are the result of excessive attention, require an equal attention in order to be understood."

The subject of a second Phaidon volume, "Francisco de Zurbarán," by Martin S. Soria, will be less familiar to most people than Ingres, in spite of the fact that three very fine pictures by him, two of St. Francis and a St. Margaret (Fig. 1), are in the National Gallery. Many who stand in front of the St. Margaret find it difficult to believe that so sprightly a Spanish shepherdess in seventeenth-century costume is intended to be a saint, in spite of the dragon ravening beside her. This treatment of a sacred figure is wholly contrary to the normal practice of this exceedingly pious painter, whose work is mainly devoted to religious subjects or to portraits of his

ecclesiastical employers. Sometimes one is reminded of El Greco, sometimes of Velasquez, and sometimes, in the pictures painted towards the end of his life, of Murillo, but he has none the less a very strong personality of his own, and Mr. Soria, who is Professor of the History of Art at Michigan State College, after twelve years of research, during which he has seen nearly all the Zurbarán paintings in existence west of the Rhine, provides us with a detailed catalogue and an introduction in which he traces the sources of the painter's inspiration and follows his career step by step. Of particular charm to the secular world are a few—a very few—still-lives of flowers and fruit, particularly one in Florence (Plate 47), and a lamb in Madrid (Plate 48), but it must be confessed that his perfectly sincere preoccupation with saintly ecstasies and his portrait after portrait of intense ascetics render him more admirable than lovable. No less than the works of M. Ingres, they are the result of excessive attention and require an equal attention in order to be understood. A life, one would say, as dedicated as the lives of the monks he paints with such fidelity and power—fiercely repentant, dyspeptically virtuous. They horrify me with their haggard, cruel, ravaged features, and the fact that they do horrify me is in itself a tribute to the painter's great gifts. Mr. Soria, referring to the exhibition of Zurbarán pictures in Paris in 1838—some the spoils of war, others acquired by Louis-Philippe when the Spanish monasteries were secularised in 1835—quotes and neatly translates Théophile Gautier's verses to show how this remarkable exhibition impressed that generation:

Zurbarán's monks, white Carthusians, in the darkness,
Silently glide by flagstones over dead corpses,
Murmuring *paters* and *aves* numberless,
What crimes to atone through such keen remorse?

After gazing at these self-tormented monks, I comfort myself with the story of a Suffolk man who became Bishop of Lincoln at the age of sixty-six in 1235, Robert Grosseteste. To a friar troubled by melancholy, I read, he ordered as a penance a cup of the best wine. "Dearest brother," said he, "if you frequently had such penance, you would have a



FIG. 3. "BATHING WOMAN," KNOWN AS "THE BATHER OF VALPINÇON"; BY J. A. D. INGRES (1755-1867). SIGNED INGRES, ROME 1808.

This painting was sent from Rome to the Fine Arts class of the Institute in 1808; and sold by Ingres through the painter Gérard to General Comte Rapp. It was sold to the Louvre in 1879. (Canvas; 56½ by 38½ ins. Musée du Louvre, Paris.)

much better regulated conscience." But to Gautier again, this time *à propos* our National Gallery St. Margaret:

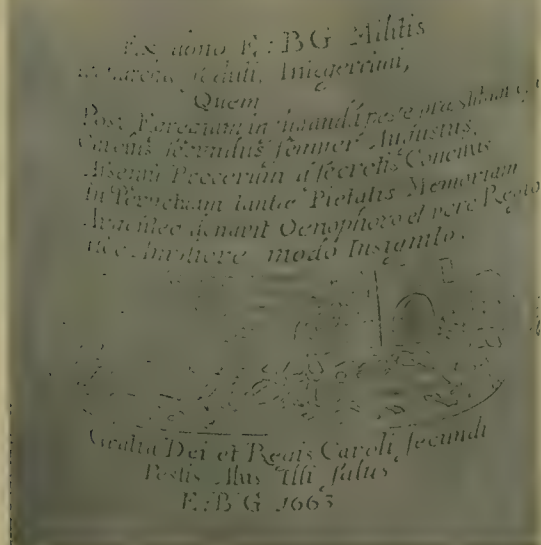
... As in the paintings where old Zurbarán,
Under the guise of a Saint, dressed as Sevillan,
Represents a lady with glinting pendeloque,
Feathers and tinsel in fashions Baroque.

If you can forget the cruel faces, what marvellous painting of white robes, of brocade, and what splendid compositions!

* On this page Frank Davis reviews "The Paintings of J. A. D. Ingres," by Georges Wildenstein. 120 Plates; 8 in Full Colour. Complete edition. (Phaidon Press; 55s.), and "The Paintings of Francisco de Zurbarán," by Martin S. Soria. 280 Illustrations; 9 in Full Colour. Complete edition. (Phaidon Press; 55s.)



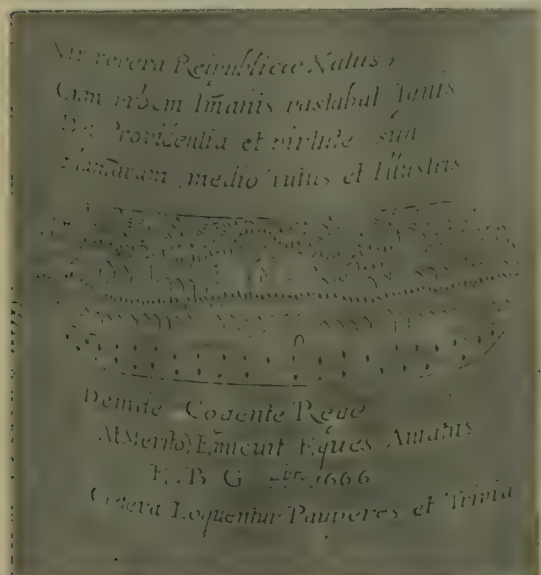
ACQUIRED BY THE ROYAL SCOTTISH MUSEUM, EDINBURGH, FOR THE SUM OF £17,000: THE FRENCH SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY SILVER-GILT LENNOXLOVE TOILET SET, GIVEN BY CHARLES II. TO FRANCES STUART, LATER DUCHESS OF RICHMOND AND LENNOX.



SHOWING A REPRESENTATION OF THE PLAGUE OF LONDON: DETAIL OF THE ENGRAVING ON THE "FIRE OF LONDON" TANKARD, SOLD FOR £2600. (38 OZ. 2 DWT.)



THE "FIRE OF LONDON" CHARLES II. TANKARD OF PLAIN DESIGN ENGRAVED WITH THE ROYAL ARMS AND THOSE OF SIR EDMUND BARRY GODFREY.



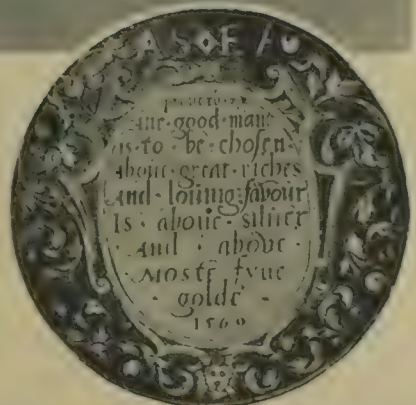
A SCENE OF THE FIRE OF LONDON, 1660: DETAIL OF THE ENGRAVING OF THE CHARLES II. "FIRE OF LONDON" SILVER TANKARD, 1675.



SOLD FOR £2900: A VERY FINE EARLY GEORGE I. TEA-KETTLE, BY SAMUEL MARGAS. MARKED ON STAND, KETTLE AND LID, 1715-109 OZ. 7 DWTS.



(ABOVE.) THE FAMOUS GALLOWAY MAZER BY JAMES GRAY, THE CANONGATE, THE MAPLEWOOD BOWL WITH A DEEP CRESTED SILVER-GILT RIM-MOUNT ENGRAVED WITH COATS OF ARMS AND INITIALS; SOLD FOR THE RECORD PRICE OF £11,000; AND (RIGHT) THE INSCRIPTION ON THE SILVER-GILT "PRINT" RIVETED TO THE STEM.



Record prices were reached at Sotheby's on February 25 when the Lennoxlove Toilet Set, once the property of Charles II.'s favourite, Frances Stuart ("La Belle Stuart"), was knocked down to the Royal Scottish Museum, Edinburgh (where it was on loan from 1927 till October 1953). We illustrated and described this remarkable silver-gilt seventeenth-century French toilet set of seventeen pieces in our issue of January 2. On the same day the Galloway Mazer, the famous Scottish standing mazer by James Gray, The Canongate, dated 1569, fetched £11,000, an auction-room record for a mazer. The silver-gilt "print" riveted to

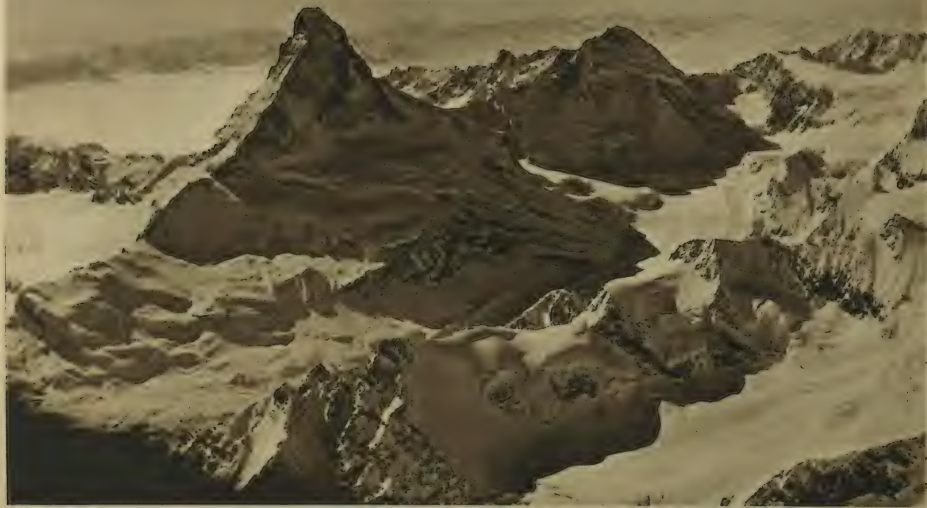
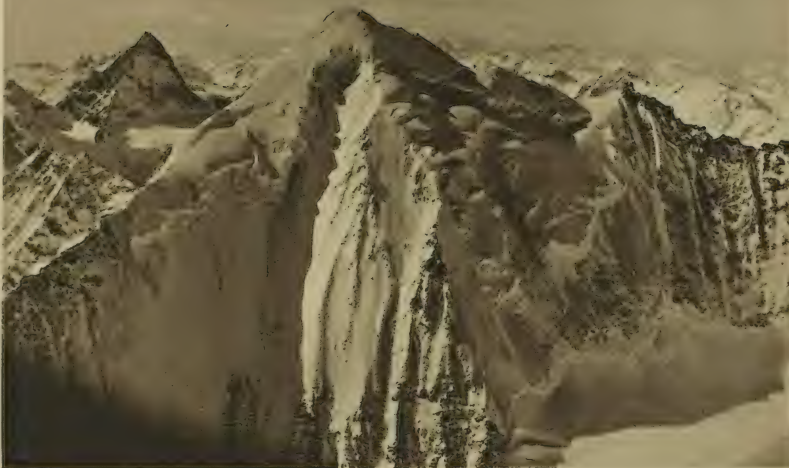
the foot is inscribed, "Proverb 22. Ane good mane is to be chosen above great riches and loving favour. Is above silver and above moste fyne gold. 1569." A "Fire of London" tankard (one of only three known), engraved with the Royal Arms of Charles II. and those of Sir Edmund Barry Godfrey flanked by contemporary inscriptions and engraved panels of scenes of the Plague and the Fire of London, was sold for £2600. The inscriptions record the patriotic behaviour of Sir Edmund Barry Godfrey throughout both these disasters. The George I. early tea-kettle, by Samuel Margas, fetched £2900.

INCLUDING THE LENNOXLOVE TOILET SET, SOLD FOR £17,000: SILVER WHICH FETCHED RECORD PRICES IN THE SALE-ROOM.

OUR readers will recall that on several occasions in the past we have published a selection of exceptionally fine photographs of Alpine peaks taken from the air by Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein, an expert and enthusiastic amateur photographer. In this issue we are able to continue the series. Lord Montgomery writes: "This year I used two cameras so as not to have to change the films in the air. We were flying at nearly 15,000 ft. and I had to open the window of the little Messerschmitt 100 for taking the pictures. The temperature outside at that

(RIGHT)

WITH THE NORTH RIDGE RUNNING DOWN TO THE RIGHT: THE EAST FACE OF THE WEISSHORN (14,804 FT.), A MAGNIFICENT PEAK ABOUT 20 KM. TO THE NORTH OF THE MATTERHORN, AND SLIGHTLY HIGHER. THE EAST FACE OF THE DENT BLANCHE (14,318 FT.) IS SHOWN IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND.



"THE ALOOF, MYSTERIOUS OBELISK, TOWERING DIZZILY UPWARDS": THE MATTERHORN (14,780 FT.)—A VIEW OF THE NORTH FACE, LOOKING DUE SOUTH. TO THE RIGHT OF THE MATTERHORN AND SLIGHTLY FURTHER AWAY IS THE DENT D'HERENS (13,715 FT.)

THE COLD BEAUTY OF THE ALPS PHOTOGRAPHED, FLYING AT 14,500 FT., BY FIELD MARSHAL



(ABOVE), SHOWING THE SOUTH-WEST FACE: A CLOSE VIEW OF THE SUMMIT OF THE WEISSHORN (14,804 FT.), WITH THE SOUTH RIDGE FACING THE CAMERA. PROFESSOR TYNDALL MADE THE FIRST ASCENT OF THE WEISSHORN IN 1861.

(Continued)
height was minus 15 Centigrade (27 degrees of frost Fahrenheit). . . . By the time I had finished, my fingers were so cold I could hardly work the camera. I was in the air 14 hours on 19 February." In each case Lord Montgomery used a Rolleiflex camera F/8, 1/250 Kodak Super xx film. The Matterhorn, which is called Mont Cervin in France, was ascended for the first time on July 14, 1865, by Edward Whymper, the Rev. Charles Hudson, Robert Hadow and Lord Francis Douglas, with guides. On descending, Hadow lost his footing not far from the summit and fell with Hudson. Lord Francis Douglas and a guide to a depth of 4000 ft. towards the Matterhorn glacier. Whymper and the other guides escaped by the breaking of the rope. The Dent Blanche was first climbed by T. S. Kennedy and W. Wigram in 1862.



THE MATTERHORN (14,780 FT.)—A CLOSE VIEW, SHOWING THE SOUTH-EAST FACE, THE NORMAL ROUTE FROM ZERMATT, WITH, IMMEDIATELY BEHIND AND JUST TO THE RIGHT, THE DENT D'HERENS (13,715 FT.), AND, FURTHER TO THE RIGHT, CENTRE BACKGROUND, THE GRAND COMBIN (14,184 FT.)

VISCOUNT MONTGOMERY OF ALAMEIN: FROZEN PEAKS IN SNOW-CLAD ISOLATION.

HAD one put to the late Dr. Joad the question: "When did the Crimean War begin?" he would have been justified in making use of his well-known gambit and replying: "It depends on what you mean by the Crimean War." I have met Americans who are apt to assume that the Second World War began with the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour. And they do not go as far as Russian publicists who write, with ample time for reflection, that it began with the German attack on Russia. Britons and Frenchmen have rather more justification in dating the Crimean War from the year 1854 and considering this year to mark the centenary; for the title "Crimean War" must surely apply to the war in the Crimea. The fact remains, however, that the war did not begin in the peninsula. This was only one of its theatres, though the most decisive. The war was also fought on the Danube, in the Caucasus, and in the Baltic. I am taking March 1854 as the month of the centenary. If I am alive and well when that of the Alma comes round, I shall, I hope, return to the topic.

There are several dates to be borne in mind. It was in July 1853 that Russian forces entered the "Principalities" of Moldavia and Wallachia, which remained under a dim Turkish suzerainty, though a joint Russo-Turkish control had been established five years earlier. However, open war did not follow until November. Long and intricate negotiations preceded the entry into the war of the United Kingdom and France. At one moment it seemed that Austria-Hungary might be involved. And, curiously enough, the date on which the other two Powers became belligerents is not very clear. Some text-books avoid the issue by merely giving the month of March. It is the case of an ultimatum to which no reply was given, so that war came about automatically. Still more curiously, one of the immediate causes of the action taken by Britain and France was the destruction of a Turkish squadron at Sinope by the Russian Black Sea Fleet, though this took place after Turkey had declared war.

The causes of the war were complex, in some respect both irrational and picturesque. The essential cause was, however, simplicity itself: Russia was strong, whereas Turkey was weak, and her European dominion was in decay. As early as January 1853, Tsar Nicholas had suggested that it should be partitioned—Russia was a specialist in partitioning. On the other hand, generous and honourable sympathy with the Christian Slavs was mingled with ambition. This ambition had another goal also: control of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles and access to the Mediterranean. The Russian expansionist policy had a great deal to do with British policy in trying to keep together the crumbling remains of the Ottoman Empire in Europe. Whatever else can be said about the Crimean War, it must be admitted that there never was a war more popular in this country. Public opinion favoured it strongly, and it was a potent force. I am inclined to think that public opinion was more decided before the creation of the popular Press than it has since become.

In France, too, public opinion favoured the war, though there it was commonly manipulated under the Second Empire in a way unknown to us. Napoleon III., that combination of idealist and intriguing adventurer, took every advantage of such elements in the desire for war as were genuine and unforced. He knew that his position was none too strong. France had become the land of the *coup d'état*, and his was unlikely to be the last. He was therefore not exclusively concerned with considerations of foreign policy and strategy. He adjudged it to be important that he should take advantage of the opportunity of a popular war to make his régime more popular. He depended to a great extent upon the Army and the Napoleonic tradition. What, then, could be better than that the Army should win fresh glory under the great Emperor's nephew? The French Government was more ardent for war than the British. Napoleon was to repeat his policy in 1859 in Italy, but it had by then grown stale and, though the war produced victory, did not bring him the popularity he had hoped for.

Two other causes of the war were religious, or ostensibly so. The Tsar claimed a protectorate over the Orthodox Church. On the advice of the English Ambassador, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, the Porte refused it. It must be admitted that such a protectorate might assume a peculiar significance in South-East Europe. Stratford advised conciliation and compromise over another demand. This was the astounding affair of the Holy Places in Palestine, a controversy which became concentrated upon Bethlehem. Were Latin or Greek monks to hold the key to the sacred Grotto? At what hours should the rivals be allowed to make their devotions, so that both should be satisfied and no unseemly brawls should violate the sanctity of the site? Above all, were the French, champions of the Latins—here was another of Napoleon's lines in the popularity market—to have the privilege of affixing a Star above the Manger? Cabinets discussed these problems; Chancelleries buzzed with them. Not for centuries had

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE CENTENARY OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

piety been so closely allied with diplomacy. Fine points were argued with skill and knowledge. Stratford's ingenious solution of access by both parties, but at an earlier hour to the Greeks than to the Latins, was, he pointed out, not a favour to the former but simply an acknowledgment of the fact that it was their habit to get up and go to worship earlier in the morning than the latter.

Might the war have been avoided but for what was often called in Britain and France "the massacre of Sinope"? That is not an easy question to answer. Here the irrational element was particularly prominent. Surely, if Turkey had declared war, Russian ships

The scale of the destruction and slaughter shocked British and French onlookers. Napoleon addressed a personal protest to the Tsar on the subject. Ugly stories spread of wretched Turkish seamen, floundering in the waters of the Black Sea after their ships had been sunk, being fired on. Sinope certainly spoiled the chance of limiting the war. Its effect remained after the main *casus belli* had been removed.

This was the work of the Austro-Hungarian Government. It now stepped in and, in conjunction with Prussia, demanded that the Russian armies in the Principalities should be withdrawn. This was doubtless not disinterested policy, but it was in accordance with the Austrian aim at that time, which is not open to blame, of preventing Russia from stepping into Turkey's shoes and confining as much as possible any hostilities which might break out in that part of the world. Russia did not venture to refuse. She could not fight the greater part of Europe. The consequence was that when the Franco-British expeditionary force arrived in the Black Sea, it found

the question of the Principalities as good as settled. The most obvious course in theory, and the most unlikely in practice, would have been for it to return home. This was an unwelcome solution. Turkey's wrongs ought to be avenged. Russia ought to be taught a lesson. Besides, Turkey was still threatened elsewhere, particularly in the Black Sea, where the basis of Russian power was the fortress of Sevastopol.

So, war being rendered impossible on the Danube, the scene was transferred to the Crimea. Much mockery has been expended upon the choice of the objective. Yet Sevastopol was not wholly an after-thought; nor was it wholly unsuitable strategically. It had indeed been in the minds of some members of the British Government at a relatively early stage. The war exhausted Russia more than Britain or France. The results were far from unsatisfactory from their point of view. Russia's aggressive policy was checked, and she did not venture to repudiate the peace settlement until one of its pillars, France, had been defeated and rendered helpless by Germany. What has given the war so evil a name in Britain and France is the terrible loss from sickness caused by lack of foresight, administrative incompetence, breakdown in communications and the supply

system, and the primitive state of military hygiene.

In March 1854 all this phase still lay in the future. One hundred years ago, vast Russian and Turkish armies still faced each other on the Danube from the frontier of Bessarabia to Vidin and Calapat. For the most part the Turks were south of the river, but they held a bridgehead on their left. The war had not gone well for Russia. The Turks were bad at manoeuvre and their leadership was timid, but they were staunch and resolute in defence. The Russians had suffered a number of defeats. As was the case in the Crimea, their infantry was as brave as it well could be, but its attack formation was so dense that it invited slaughter from small arms and artillery while preventing the use of more than about a quarter of its own fire-power. The Russians had ahead of them one success, when they crossed the Danube into the Dobruja at Mačin, but it did not lead them far. They had underrated Turkish stubbornness in defence, as they were to in the next Russo-Turkish war.

It is all a long time ago, and the casual observer may feel that it seems to be a war more than a century old because it took place at the end of an epoch. This is an impression easily picked up and often fallacious. To many the war seemed modern, with its rifles, its Lancaster guns, and at sea its steamers—even screw-steamers—and at a late stage its armoured French monitors, which toyed with the forts of Kinburn. Most of the generals were further behind the times than their equipment. Burgoyne, the engineer who played so important a part, was seventy-two. His statue bears the inscription: "How young he began to serve his country; how long continued." Yes, indeed. The Alma was fought a few days after Prince Menshikov's sixty-seventh birthday. Yet Todleben, who came out of the business as well as anyone, was a young man. Most of the senior men had, of course, served in the Napoleonic wars. Even a boy of sixty like Cathcart had fought at Waterloo. And Evelyn Wood, who served in the Crimean War, was Adjutant-General in the Second South African War.

On my way to my club, I often walk through Hyde Park, cross Park Lane and pass the beautiful and vast house which, as an inscription records, was the residence of Lord Raglan. I feel grateful to its present business occupants that their inscription is small, in good taste, and unobtrusive. I have a slight weakness for this general officer, deficient in strategic sense and indifferent tactician, not because he was charming and popular with his troops, but because I think he has been hardly treated and had, anyhow, more common sense than Saint-Arnaud, Canrobert and Omer Pasha put together—I do not include Pélissier, who had plenty of it also, though he too was no great general. But Cathcart's last words, at Inkerman, "I fear we are in a mess," had a wide application in the Crimea.

BOUND VOLUMES OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" AS SPANISH CIVIL WAR RELICS.



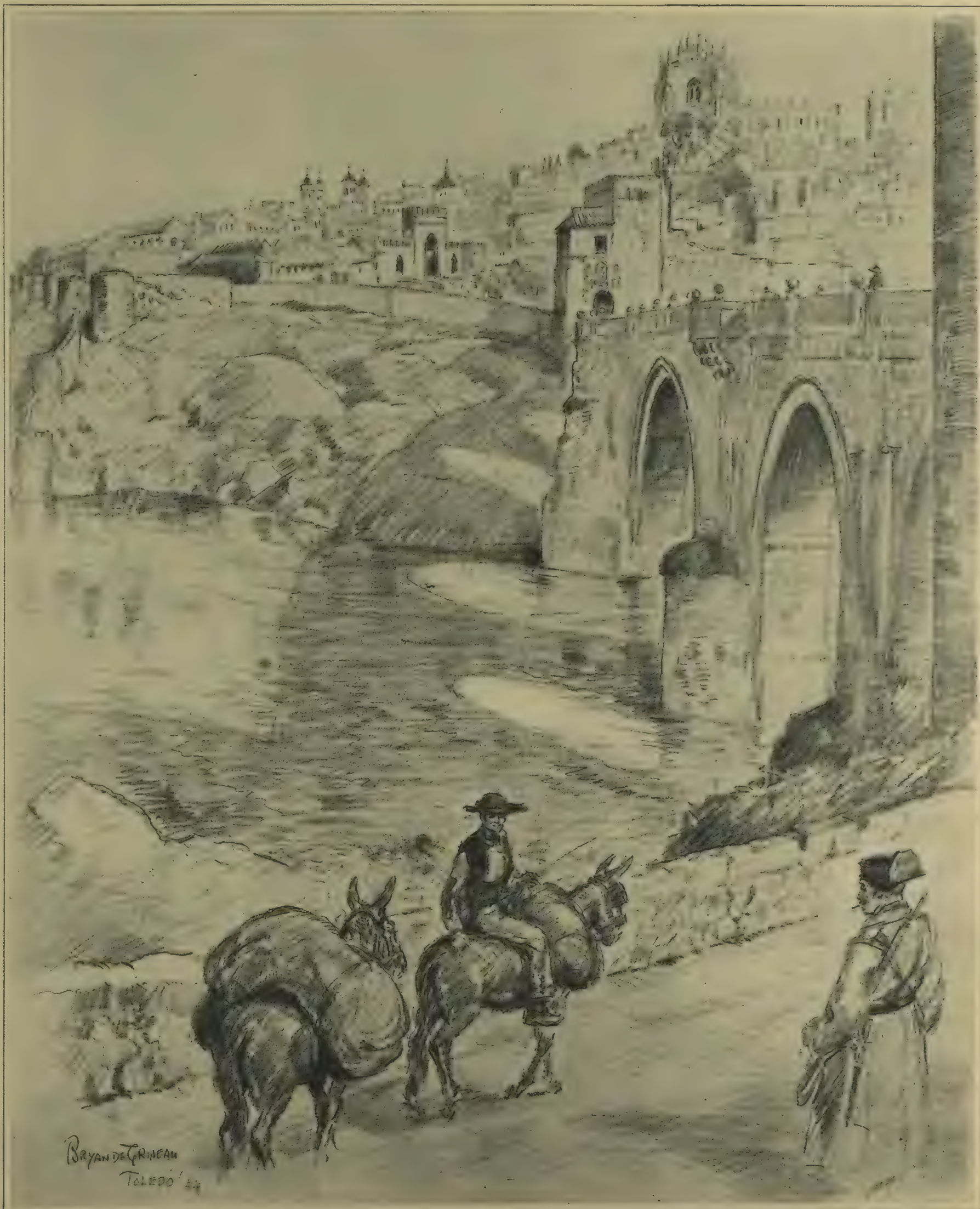
RIDDLED BY BULLET HOLES: A VOLUME OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" USED TO BLOCK WINDOWS OF THE ALCAZAR, TOLEDO, DURING THE SIEGE OF 1936, OPEN TO SHOW A PORTRAIT OF MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, AND ON THE RIGHT, A DRAWING ILLUSTRATING "OLIVER TWIST"; AND AN ADVERTISEMENT FOR SCOTCH WHISKIES.



A WAR-SCARRED BOUND VOLUME OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" PRESERVED IN THE ALCAZAR MUSEUM AS A MEMENTO OF THE HEROIC DEFENCE OF THE FORTRESS DURING THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR: THE DOUBLE PAGE IN COLOUR BEARS A REPRODUCTION OF A PAINTING BY LARGILLIÈRE OF PRINCE JAMES STUART AND HIS SISTER.

On another page we reproduce a drawing by our Special Artist, Bryan de Grineau, of a room in the Alcazar, Toledo, Spain, in which are preserved relics and mementos of the heroic defence of the fortress during the Civil War against the Republican forces in 1936. These include bound volumes of *The Illustrated London News* which served to block the windows and protect the garrison from the hail of bullets from the besieging forces. On this page we reproduce photographs of two of these volumes. The page on which is a portrait of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, complete with his famous orchid buttonhole, bears the date January 17, 1914, and records that he had written to the West Birmingham Liberal Unionist Association to announce his intention to retire from Parliament at the next General Election. On the facing page a drawing of Fagin and Oliver Twist, by Frank Reynolds, may be seen, with an advertisement of Buchanan's Scotch whiskies. Students of the rise in the cost of living will be interested to note the prices—Red Seal 48s. per dozen, Black and White, 54s. per dozen, and Royal Household, 60s. per dozen.

were within their rights in attacking Turkish. Yes, but anger was aroused because the prospect of a settlement, still thought to be alive, was killed by the Russian action. And then, though the stronger and better-armed fleet was logically entitled to do all the damage it could to the weaker and worse-armed, the incident was not looked at in the light of logic.



THE OLD CAPITAL OF SPAIN : TOLEDO, STILL MEDIAEVAL IN ASPECT, WITH THE THIRTEENTH-CENTURY BRIDGE OF ST. MARTIN (RIGHT), WHICH IS THE SUBJECT OF A REMARKABLE LEGEND ILLUSTRATING FEMININE INGENUITY.

Bryan de Grineau has been on a sketching tour in Spain, and during his travels visited the ancient city of Toledo, *Toletum* of the Romans, where he made a number of interesting drawings, some of which are reproduced in this issue. Toledo is the city with which the history of Spain may be said to begin, since the Visigoths conferred the dignity of a metropolis upon it and it remained the capital of the country until, in 1560, Philip II. chose Madrid as his capital. It stands on a rocky eminence, almost surrounded by the river Tagus, which flows through a deep gorge and forms a moat round the natural fortress. The architecture is Moorish in character, although Toledo was liberated from Infidel rule in the eleventh century. The Tagus was crossed by one bridge only, the

famous Bridge of Alcántara, until the thirteenth century, when the bridge of San Martin was built, and restored at the end of the fourteenth century. The square towers at each end are particularly fine; and indeed, the bridge is one of the most impressive mediæval monuments of the ancient city. A pleasing legend records that the architect on the day before it was due to be opened realised that, owing to a miscalculation, the whole fabric would collapse when the scaffolding was removed. He confided in his wife, a loyal and ingenious woman, who solved the problem by firing the bridge during the night, so that, by means of this well-timed piece of arson, her husband was able to construct a new bridge, without fault, and thus preserve his high reputation.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



DOMINATED BY THE RUINS OF THE ALCAZAR FORTRESS, PRESERVED AS A NATIONAL MONUMENT TO THE DEVOTION OF THE GARRISON WHO DEFENDED IT IN 1936 DURING THE CIVIL WAR: TOLEDO, SHOWING THE FAMOUS THIRTEENTH-CENTURY ALCÁNTARA BRIDGE, ENTERED BY A ROCOCO PORTAL OF 1721.



INCLUDING, IN A GLASS CASE, BOUND VOLUMES OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" USED TO BLOCK THE WINDOWS AS A DEFENCE AGAINST ENEMY FIRE; AND A MOTOR-BICYCLE WITH BELT ATTACHMENT WITH WHICH THE GARRISON'S WHEAT RATION WAS GROUND: RELICS OF THE 1936 DEFENCE, PRESERVED IN A ROOM OF THE RUINED ALCAZAR.

WITH, TOWERING ABOVE IT, THE RUINS OF THE ALCAZAR, PRESERVED AS A NATIONAL MONUMENT TO THE HEROIC DEFENDERS OF 1936: THE FAMOUS ALCÁNTARA BRIDGE OVER THE TAGUS AT TOLEDO.

Few European landscapes can present so many historic and tragically romantic memories as the view of Toledo from across the Tagus, where it is crossed by the famous Alcántara Bridge, which spans the rocky gorge in two unequal arches and affords a striking outlook on the city, which is dominated by the ruins of the Alcazar fortress. The ancient bridge, rebuilt in the thirteenth century, is entered by a rococo portal of 1721, and at the other end is a square tower of 1484. The Alcazar, now a mass of shell-torn ruins, is being preserved in its dilapidated condition as a national monument to the devotion of its garrison, who in 1936 defended it heroically against the Republican troops in spite of great sufferings. The only son of the commander, Colonel Moscardó,

was captured by the Republicans; and forced to telephone to his father telling him that his life would be spared if the fortress surrendered. Moscardó replied: "Well, my son, you are a soldier too, so I do not need to tell you my reply. Good-bye, my boy, and God bless you." Among the relics of the siege preserved in one of the battle-scarred rooms of the fortress are a number of bound volumes of "The Illustrated London News" in a glass case. They belonged to the Alcazar library and were used to block the windows and other apertures to afford protection against the incessant enemy fire. On the floor of the same room may be seen an old motor-bicycle with belt attachment which was used by the garrison to grind their *Trigo*, or wheat ration.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



IN TOLEDO'S FAMOUS WEAPON FACTORY: A CRAFTSMAN EMPLOYED ON THE MANUFACTURE AND DAMASCENING OF TOLEDO BLADES; AND (RIGHT) A VIEW OF THE STUDIO OF DOMENICO THEOTOCOPULI, CALLED EL GRECO (1545-50-1614), WHO LIVED AND DIED IN TOLEDO; WITH "THE WEeping ST. PETER" ON THE EASEL.



WHERE EL GRECO LIVED DURING THE LATTER PERIOD OF HIS LIFE IN SPAIN, AND DIED IN 1614: THE PATIO OF THE CASA DEL GRECO (EL GRECO'S HOUSE), WHICH HAS REMAINED PRACTICALLY UNCHANGED SINCE HIS DEATH. THE STUDIO, SITUATED ABOVE, IS REACHED BY THE DOORS SHOWN IN THE CENTRE.

HISTORIC GLORIES AND MEMORIALS OF SPAIN'S ANCIENT CAPITAL: THE FORGING AND DAMASCENING OF TOLEDO BLADES; AND THE STUDIO AND HOME OF THE PAINTER EL GRECO, WHO LIVED AND DIED IN THE CITY.

Not only is Toledo a picturesque and historic ancient city, but it is associated with one of the greatest and most original of the world's painters, the Cretan-born Domenico Theotocopuli, known as El Greco, who lived and worked in Toledo. He spent the latter part of his life in the small palace of the Marquis de Villena, which has been preserved practically unchanged since his death in 1614; and contains the complete series of his paintings of the Twelve Apostles, considered to be among his finest works, as well as a number of other paintings. The easel in his so-called studio bears his painting of "The Weeping St. Peter." The manufacture of sword-blades has been associated with Toledo for many centuries, and the fame of these weapons has remained

undimmed throughout history. The manufacture is of unknown antiquity, as Toledo swords are mentioned by a Latin writer in the first century B.C., and the industry has survived every vicissitude of Spanish history. The Iberian race have always had a great interest in swords, both as works of art and weapons of war, and the custom of decorating arms and armour with gold incrustation, probably a Visigoth introduction, was encouraged by the fierce Moors, and continues to-day. Some particular qualities in the sand and water of the Tagus used for tempering and polishing the steel are believed to give the swords of Toledo their pre-eminent quality. The fine damascening of blades and handles includes many perfect reproductions of famous antique examples.

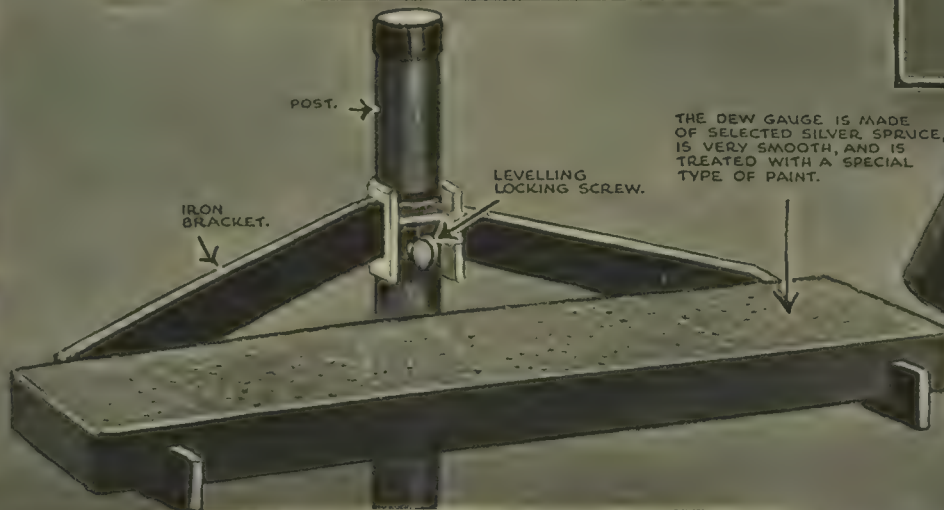


RAINDROPS SPREAD AND GIVE AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT APPEARANCE TO THOSE OF DEW.



THE FIRST INSTRUMENT TO REGISTER DEW: THE DUVDEVANI DEW GAUGE.

IT IS 12½ IN. LONG, 2 IN. WIDE AND 1 IN. THICK.



DEW REGISTER TO BE FILLED IN DAILY BY OBSERVERS.

PLACING THE DEW GAUGE IN POSITION AT SUNSET. THE MAN IS USING A SPIRIT LEVEL TO SET THE GAUGE EXACTLY LEVEL.



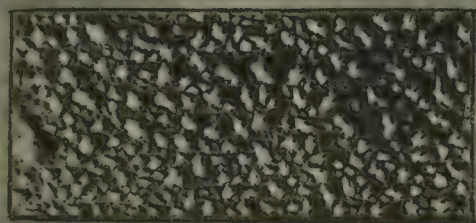
OBSERVER COMPARING DEW ON GAUGE AT SUNRISE WITH PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE REGISTER-BOOK.



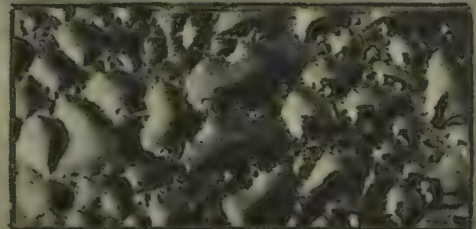
PHOTOGRAPHS OF SOME STANDARD TYPES OF DEW FROM THE REGISTER-BOOK.



LIGHT DEW.



MEDIUM DEW.



HEAVY DEW.

G. H. DAVIS 1954

DEW AND THE GROWTH OF CROPS: A DISCOVERY THAT MAY LEAD TO THE CULTIVATION OF DESERT AREAS.

A belief that, by the application of artificial dew conditions during periods of drought, crops growing in semi-arid regions might be saved was recently expressed by Dr. S. Duvdevani, Director of the Dew Research Station at Karkur, in Israel. The basis of this belief is Dr. Duvdevani's claim, substantiated by experiments, that plants not only absorb water upward—i.e., from the roots to the leaves—but under certain conditions the liquid from the moistened leaves moves downward through the plant system and any not absorbed is exuded by the roots. In this manner dew condensing during the cool of the night can be stored in the earth close to the root system and made available for plant growth the next day. It is not known, however, how much of the total water requirements of plants growing in semi-arid regions is contributed by dew or mist, but it is hoped that, with the aid of the Duvdevani dew gauge, already in use in many parts of the world, this problem will be solved. The gauge consists of a block of specially selected silver spruce and measures 12½ by 2 by 1 in. It is covered with several

coats of a special type of red paint whose surface tension relative to water secures the correct formation and retention of the characteristic dew distribution. The gauge is exposed at sunset on a simple stand made for the purpose as shown above in the diagram drawn by our Special Artist, and the dew formed on it is observed the next day at about sunrise. A register book containing a table of equivalents in dew millimetres enables the amount of the dew-fall to be recorded and, in order that no description may be necessary, each one of these characteristic dew distributions has been photographed. The gauge and the register book have been standardised to give the same readings wherever the apparatus is used. Systematic readings of the dewfall in Israel have been obtained over the past few years with many such gauges, and it is hoped that with this information drought would become less of a danger to crops, and the wastelands of the world, such as the Negev area, could be brought under cultivation, by spraying the crops very finely with water, so creating artificial dew conditions.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF THE DEW RESEARCH STATION, KARKUR, ISRAEL, AND MESSRS. C. F. CASELLA AND CO., LONDON.

PRE-HOMERIC MYCENÆ: THE HEROES AND PRINCESSES OF SOME 3600 YEARS AGO REVEALED IN THE EXCAVATION OF A SECOND GRAVE CIRCLE.

By Dr. J. PAPADIMITRIU, Ephor of Antiquities of Attica and the Argolid, and Director of the Excavations.

In our last issue and the one previous to that we reproduced some of the treasures discovered in two of the graves—graves Delta and Omicron—of the newly-discovered second Grave Circle at Mycenæ, a discovery equal to, and parallel with, that made by Schliemann some seventy-eight years ago. In this article Dr. Papadimitriu deals with the other graves excavated in the same circle. The plan (Fig. 7) is from one drawn by Mr. D. R. Theochares.

BY the summer of 1952, eight shaft graves in all were excavated, named by letters of the Greek alphabet from Alpha to Theta. This was to avoid their being confused with the Schliemann graves, which are usually known by Latin numerals.

Of these, Delta and Epsilon have not been described in *The Illustrated London News* before this year, because they were discovered at the end of the campaign of the excavations. Of these two, Epsilon was a large grave (Fig. 10) about 3.25 by 2.20 metres (10 ft. 8 ins. by 7 ft. 2½ ins.), and we can call it "the bronze grave" because of the beautiful bronze vases found in it. One of these was a big open jar 0.75 cm. (29½ ins.) high, and another, a spouted jug (Fig. 5); both are identical to the two found in Grave IV. by

wooden beams of the roof of the grave were laid. Sometimes the wooden beams were supported by walls of stones or sun-dried bricks, which were constructed around the four sides at a certain height from the bottom. The floor of the graves was covered with the usual pebbles, and the bodies and the gifts were placed on them. On the wooden beams of the ceiling, flagstones were laid and a thick layer of greenish clay was placed on the stones to waterproof the grave. Then the earth from the shaft was thrown back, and as the lower part of the grave in which the bodies were laid was naturally not filled, a mound or tumulus of earth was piled up and the funeral stele with its base was set on the top. So the view of the royal circle was not flat, nor was it covered by one large tumulus as was formerly believed, but there was a small mound of earth with the grave stele or a few stones on the top of each grave (Fig. 7). The funeral was concluded with a banquet held over the grave by the friends and relatives of the deceased. Proof of these funeral feasts came to light in the form of large quantities of animal bones found in the earth covering the graves. This custom is referred to in Homer's "Iliad," where, at the funeral of Patroclus, the Greeks assembled near the body at a funeral banquet given by Achilles, who killed animals, bulls, sheep and pigs, so that the blood ran around the body. The Nu grave

was a male grave, and inside it two successive interments had taken place. At the time of the second interment, the inner perimeter of the grave was reduced in size and the skeleton of the first body was moved and the bones were packed on the west side of the grave. The funeral gifts were covered with a margin of clay, which was made on the floor of the grave around the four sides, leaving the centre empty for the second body. The skeleton of the latter was found in the centre of the grave and had the legs apart and the hands forward near the pelvis (Fig. 9). One of the bodies from the Gamma grave and the body of the girl from grave Mu were also found in the same position. The reason for this position is still not clear, although it is possible that the body was placed leaning against big pillows with the hands resting on the hips. This skeleton belonged to a tall man about 1.80 metres (5 ft. 10½ ins.), an illustrious warrior, as the rich and strong weapons found near

him prove. Two long bronze swords with ivory pommels, a beautiful bronze dagger, a bronze lance (Fig. 18) and other bronze weapons were found near the two skeletons. One of the bodies had a gold collar around the neck; and near the other skeleton, at the west side of the grave, were some gold

ornaments and a gold cup (Fig. 22) with relief designs. Two bronze vases, another one of alabaster, and four clay vases were also found at the south side, and on the roof eight other vases had been placed, decorated with beautiful matt painting.

To the east of grave Nu another one, Iota, was uncovered (Fig. 14), 2.65 by 1.40 metres (8 ft. 8½ ins. by 4 ft. 7½ ins.) in dimension. In this grave two male skeletons were found, and I have gathered from this and other examples that it was characteristic that the men were buried apart from the women and the children. Only in the graves of the men gold or



FIG. 1. A SKETCH MAP OF CENTRAL GREECE, SHOWING PARTS OF ATTICA AND ARGOLIS, AND THE RELATIVE POSITIONS OF MYCENÆ, ARGOS, ATHENS AND CORINTH.

silver cups were found, because only the men used these for drinking and for libations. A bronze sword with an ivory pommel, a bronze knife with a handle of rock crystal and a bronze lance constituted the equipment of the body. Big clay vases, two armlets, another gold ornament for a belt (Fig. 19) and a silver cup (Fig. 24) were also in the grave.

To the south of the grave circle we have dug in four other graves. Of these, Kappa contained one body and four clay vases, of which one, a spouted jug (Fig. 4), has coloured matt decorations and is one of the most beautiful examples of similar vases of the Middle Helladic Period. A little to the west of this grave, another grave, Mu, was uncovered, which belonged to a young woman (Fig. 12). Where the breast of the body had been a necklace of various precious gems was found. On one of these gems, a cornelian, a flower-pot with a palm-like tree is engraved (Fig. 23). Twenty-one clay vases, mostly small, and two bone brooches were also found, on the floor of the grave.

To the north of these two graves we excavated a large, but not rich, grave, Lambda, in which two skeletons were found. One was placed at the east side of the grave, and near it a short bronze knife and only a few thin gold bandlets were found near them. The other body, in the centre of the floor, had no offerings. Therefore, it is reasonable to suppose that the grave was robbed in olden times, since at the west side of the grave a hole was found, the reason for which is difficult to explain. Near the west wall, however, some gifts were found which were not lying



FIG. 2. TWO POTTERY VASES FROM GRAVE XI, THE TOMB OF THE BABY PRINCESS AND HER COMPANION. THE VASE ON THE RIGHT IS AN EXCEPTIONALLY PLEASING PIECE.

Schliemann; and both discovered in the same position—that is to say, one inside the other. Therefore, we can conclude from this that the graves are of the same period. Beside these bronze vases, many other clay vases were found, and near the head of a skeleton, which was laid in a strongly flexed position, there was a mass of gold ornaments, mostly bands of diadems decorated with linear designs and which probably belonged to a woman (Fig. 15).

The excavation of last summer began at the end of July and finished at the end of September; eight large graves and three smaller ones being excavated.

Of these newly-found graves, the site of grave Nu (Fig. 6) had already been suspected during the excavations of the year before, when the base of poros stone with a part of the funeral stele came to light, lying, as we have now proved, on the top of a small mound of earth which covered the grave. The opinion that over each grave there was a tumulus of earth which was supported by a row of stones laid around the perimeter of the grave has been proved correct with the excavations of the grave Nu. We can assume that the level at which we found the base, standing *in situ* and the level of the whole grave circle, has hardly changed from the old Mycenæan period and the time of Pausanias. It is possible, consequently, to re-establish and reproduce the form of the grave circle at the time of its utilisation. All the grave area was, as we have mentioned, enclosed by a big circular wall 1.55 metres (5 ft. 1 in.) thick. This wall was not high enough to cover the graves and therefore



FIG. 3. A TWO-HANDLED VASE WITH THE PAINTED DESIGN OF A PAIR OF BIRDS. FROM THE GRAVE LAMBDA, WHICH APPEARS TO HAVE BEEN ROBBED IN ANCIENT TIMES. TWO SKELETONS WERE FOUND IN THIS GRAVE.



FIG. 4. ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLES OF ITS TYPE FROM THE MIDDLE HELLADIC PERIOD. A SPOUTED JUG, WITH COLOURED MATT DECORATIONS, IN PERFECT CONDITION, FROM THE GRAVE KAPPA.



FIG. 5. A SPOUTED BRONZE JUG (ABOUT 17½ INS. HIGH) FOUND INSIDE A BRONZE JAR IN GRAVE EPSILON. THESE FORM AN EXACT PARALLEL WITH A SIMILAR FIND IN GRAVE IV. OF SCHLIEMANN'S GRAVE CIRCLE.

near the skeleton, but covered in a cloth in the same manner as the weapons of the older body in grave Nu, and it is possible that they belonged to the body lying in the centre of the grave. Among these offerings, one of the most important is a sword with an ivory pommel (Fig. 20) which had been in a leather sheath,

[Continued overleaf.]

FORERUNNERS OF AGAMEMNON: HEROES AND PRINCESSES OF OLD MYCENÆ.



FIG. 6. A VIEW OF THE NORTH SIDE OF GRAVE NU—A MALE TOMB—WITH, RIGHT, PART OF THE PERIMETER WALL, MADE OF ROUGH LIMESTONE BLOCKS.



FIG. 7. A PLAN OF THE RECENTLY EXCAVATED GRAVE CIRCLE. 1 AND 1A, ALPHA AND ALPHA I; 2. BETA; 3. GAMMA; 4. DELTA; 5. EPSILON; 6. ZETA; 7. ETA; 8. THETA; 9. IOTA; 10 AND 10A. KAPPA AND KAPPA I; 11 AND 11A. LAMBDA AND LAMBDA I; 12. MU; 13. NU; 14. XI; 15. OMICRON; 16. PI.



FIG. 8. A HORSESHOE HEARTH FOUND NEAR, BUT EARLIER THAN, GRAVE KAPPA. DWELLINGS WERE EVIDENTLY DESTROYED TO MAKE THE GRAVE CIRCLE.



FIG. 9. A TALL WARRIOR, BURIED WITH RICH WEAPONS, IN GRAVE NU. THE POSTURE SUGGESTS THAT THE BODY WAS BURIED WHILE LYING ON BIG PILLOWS.



FIG. 10. LOOKING DOWN INTO GRAVE EPSILON. IN THE TOP-LEFT CORNER IS A LARGE BRONZE VASE, WITH A BRONZE JUG (FIG. 5) LYING INSIDE IT.



FIG. 11. GRAVE XI, THE TOMB OF THE INFANT PRINCESS AND HER LITTLE COMPANION. A RICH GRAVE, WITH MANY OBJECTS OF GOLD, INCLUDING A BABY'S RATTLE.



FIG. 12. THE TOMB OF A YOUNG WOMAN—GRAVE MU—IN WHICH WERE MANY MINIATURE VASES AND VARIOUS GEMS, INCLUDING THAT SHOWN IN FIG. 23.



FIG. 13. THE SKELETON OF A CHILD, WITH FOUR VASES, FOUND OUTSIDE, BUT NEAR THE TOMB OF THE INFANT PRINCESS (GRAVE XI). PERHAPS A PLAYMATE.

Continued.
as we may conclude from the traces of leather found near it. The leather perhaps covered a wooden sheath, since traces of wood also were found along the length of the sword. Other wooden sheaths also covered a bronze knife with an ivory pommel and a bronze dagger. The leather of the sword-sheath was decorated with gold ornaments with engraved designs (Fig. 21). One of these ornaments was very large and covered both sides of the handle. A bronze lance and traces of a wooden sheath, twenty-eight obsidian and red-stone arrowheads (Fig. 17), as well as clay vases (Fig. 3) were also in the grave. Between these three graves we have excavated two very curious buildings. Inside one of these was a fireplace built of bricks in the form of a horseshoe (Fig. 8). The other is an oven in which we have found two clay vases of an earlier period than that of the graves, but still Middle Helladic. It is therefore clear that they are remains
[Continued opposite.]



FIG. 14. THE TOMB OF TWO WARRIORS—GRAVE IOTA. A SWORD, LANCE AND DAGGER WERE FOUND HERE—ALSO GOLD ORNAMENTS AND THE SILVER CUP OF FIG. 24.

PRE-HOMERIC MYCENÆ: WARRIORS' WEAPONS AND AN INFANT'S JEWELS.



FIG. 15. A MASS OF GOLD ORNAMENTS, MAINLY LEAVES OF A DIADEM OF SHEET GOLD, FOUND IN GRAVE EPSILON, KNOWN ALSO AS THE "BRONZE GRAVE."



FIG. 16. THE ADORNMENTS OF THE BABY PRINCESS OF GRAVE XI: ELEMENTS OF A GOLD DIADEM, A TINY SPHERICAL GOLD RATTLE, GEMS, EARRINGS AND A FAIENCE AMULET.



FIG. 17. A GROUP OF OBSIDIAN AND RED-STONE ARROWHEADS FOUND IN A WARRIOR'S TOMB, GRAVE LAMBDA. SIMILAR ARROWHEADS WERE ALSO FOUND IN DELTA.

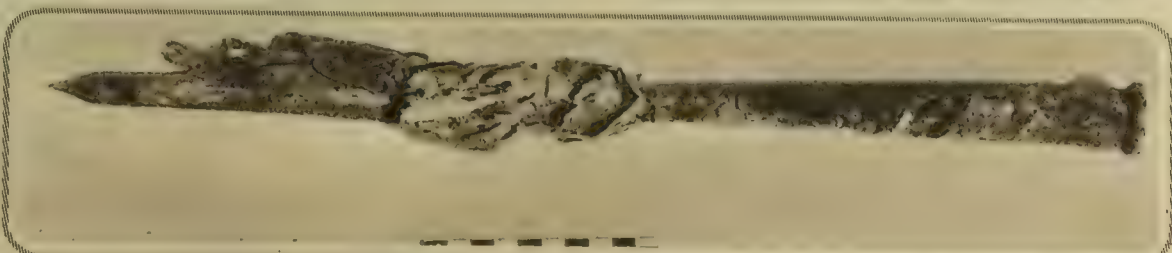


FIG. 18. A BRONZE LANCE-HEAD DISCOVERED IN GRAVE NU. ROUND IT IS WRAPPED A STILL-PRESERVED FRAGMENT OF FABRIC. OF THE NATURE OF THIS CLOTH NO INFORMATION IS YET AVAILABLE.



FIG. 19. GOLD ORNAMENTS FROM A WARRIOR'S TOMB (GRAVE IOTA). RESEMBLING IN DESIGN THE BABY'S DIADEM (FIG. 16).



FIG. 20. THE BRONZE SWORD OF GRAVE LAMBDA. THE DARK PATCH SHOWS THE TRACE OF THE SCABBARD AND ON IT LIE FRAGMENTS OF GOLD—SEE FIG. 21.



FIG. 21. RICHLY WORKED GOLD SHEET ORNAMENTS OF THE LEATHER SCABBARD OF THE SWORD SHOWN IN FIG. 20.



FIG. 22. A GOLD CUP—EXTREME WIDTH 12 CM. (4 1/2 INS.)—FOUND BESIDE THE BONES OF ONE OF THE WARRIORS IN GRAVE NU. IT IS ELABORATELY WORKED IN RELIEF DESIGNS.



FIG. 23. A CORNELIAN GEM FROM GRAVE MU, ON WHICH HAS BEEN ENGRAVED A FLOWER-POT WITH A PALM-LIKE TREE GROWING IN IT.



FIG. 24. A FLUTED SILVER CUP WITH A GOLD RIM. FOUND IN GRAVE IOTA. SUCH CUPS ARE LIBATION CUPS AND ARE FOUND ONLY IN MALE GRAVES. SEE ALSO FIG. 22.

Continued.]

of houses which would have been there before the consecration of the site as a cemetery. We must note here that houses of the same Middle Helladic period were found outside the grave circle to the north and south of it. Another group of graves was uncovered to the west of grave Nu and near the public road. There, the wall of the grave circle had been destroyed, not only by the road which to-day leads to the Citadel, but also by the aqueduct of the modern village of Mycenæ. It was therefore a happy coincidence that only the small grave, Theta, was destroyed and that all the others had remained untouched. The grave Pi has measurements of 1.80 by 0.96 metres (5 ft. 10 1/2 ins. by 3 ft. 1 1/2 ins.), and it was found in the public road under the asphalt. It was very poor in offerings, containing one skeleton of an adult and four goblets of yellow Minyan. Two other graves, Xi (Fig. 11) and Omicron, were richer, and Xi (1.96 by 1.38 metres—6 ft. 5 1/2 ins. by 4 ft. 6 1/2 ins.) belonged to a little girl of no more than two years of age. The skeleton was almost in the centre of the grave and was provided

with beautiful jewellery which appeared *in situ* as they had been on the body of this unlucky child, and made a charming impression (Fig. 16); around the head was a diadem of double gold leaves joined in a gold bandelet, one pair of earrings near the ears, and two gold rings for the hair at the temples to hold the tresses together. A gold ring on the left hand, a gold baby's rattle, a necklace of small, precious stones with a faience amulet in the centre, as well as many small fine clay vases were beside the remains. In the north-west corner of the grave the bones of another skeleton were packed without offerings and, outside the grave, not far to the west, a skeleton of another child in a strongly flexed position was uncovered (Fig. 13). It is therefore probable that this skeleton, near which four small clay vases were found, as well as the other in the north-west corner of the grave, belonged to the companions and playmates of this rich and noble young girl of grave Xi.

VENETIAN PROTOTYPES OF ENGLISH 18TH-CENTURY AND HIS FOLLOWERS, IN A CURRENT

(LEFT.)
SHOWING THE *trompe-l'œil* MANNER IN WHICH THE FIGURES ARE PAINTED: DETAIL FROM FREScoes BY VERONESE IN A ROOM OF PALLADIO'S VILLA BARBARO-VOLPI AT MASER.

THE Exhibition of Photographs of Venetian Villas recently opened by the Italian Ambassador at the Royal Institute of British Architects and due to continue until March 27, is of outstanding interest. It consists of a display of fine photographs of villas in the region of Venice, ranging in style from early Venetian Gothic to the Neo-Classicism of the Napoleonic Era, among which Palladio's superb villas in and around Vicenza are prominently featured. It is these last-named buildings which are of such particular interest to this country, for Palladio's genius fired and inspired British architects, and

(Continued below.)



THE GARDEN FRONT OF THE VILLA BARBARO-VOLPI, ONE OF PALLADIO'S FAMOUS VILLAS: THE CENTRAL PART, OF THE IONIC ORDER, THE COLONNADES AT THE SIDE INCLUDING NOVOCOTES.

(Continued.)
throughout the eighteenth century numerous English country houses were constructed in his style. Indeed, a number of versions of one of his most famous villas, the Villa Rotonda, which he began in 1550 (it was finished in 1620 by his pupil Scamozzi), were built in England, notably Mereworth (1727), Nuttall Temple, Nottinghamshire (now destroyed) and (basically) Lord Burlington's

(Continued above, right.)

(LEFT.)
THE MOST RENOWNED EXAMPLE OF THE TEMPLE VILLA, BUILT C. 1560: PALLADIO'S VILLA ROTONDA, CALLED LA MALCONTESTA, SHOWING THE IONIC PORTICO. IT WAS PURCHASED AND RESTORED BY MR. LANDSBERG.



SHOWING THE LARGE "RAMPARCO" WHICH ENCLOSE THE SIDES OF THE COURTYARD OF HONOUR: AN AIR PHOTOGRAPH OF THE VILLA MANIN, UDINE.



ONE OF THE ENTRANCES TO THE VILLA MANIN: IT WAS BUILT IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY FOR THE FAMILY OF THE LAST DOGE OF VENICE. THE INTERIOR CONTAINS PLASTER RELIEFS AND FREScoes.

COUNTRY HOUSES: VILLAS BY ANDREA PALLADIO AND HIS FOLLOWERS, IN A CURRENT

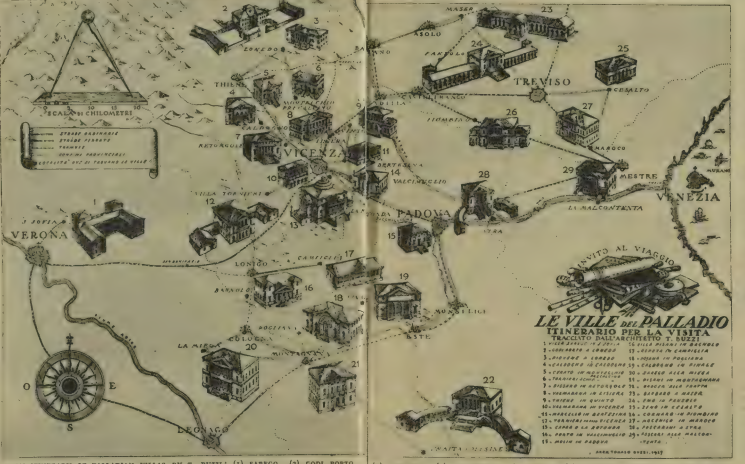


SHOWING THE DORIC LOGGIA APPROACHED BY A LARGE STAIRCASE: THE VILLA EMO, CAPODISTRIA, TREVISO, BUILT BY ANDREA PALLADIO, WITH, IN THE INTERIOR, FREScoes BY ZECCHI AND OTHERS.

(RIGHT.)
SAID TO BE A SELF-PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST: DETAIL OF VERONESE FREScoes IN THE VILLA BARBARO-VOLPI, WHICH IS MAINTAINED PERFECTLY BY ITS OWNER, CONTESSA LULING-VOLPI.

(Continued.)
Chiswick Villa, as well as others. Many of the Venetian villas contain mural decorations of great beauty. Those at the Villa Barbaro-Volpi, Maser, usually called the Villa Maser, are by Veronese, painted in the *trompe-l'œil* manner, and are of exceptional splendour. The Exhibition, which has been shown with great success at Treviso, Milan and Rome, has been brought to London specially for showing at the Institute. It consists of eight main sections, corresponding with the eight provinces that make up the region. Venice, Verona, Vicenza, Padua, Treviso, Rovigo, Udine and Belluno; and in addition to the numerous

(Continued below.)



AN ITINERARY OF PALLADIAN VILLAS BY T. MUZZI: (1) BAREGGIO, (2) CODE PORTO, (3) VALMADRARA, (4) TREVISO IN QUARTO, (5) VALMADRARA IN VICENZA, (6) MARCELLO, (7) REPERTA, (8) TOJANA, (9) CALDOGNO IN PIAZZA, (10) SAREGGIO ALLA MIRA, (11) MONTICELLI, (12) MONTICELLI, (13) BARBARO-VOLPI, (14) EMO, (15) ZENO, (16) CONRADO, (17) PAVONE, (18) CALDOGNO, (19) CERATO, (20) TORRETTI SCHIO, (21) BISSARA, (22) FORTI, (23) LA ROTONDA, (24) VALMADRARA, (25) MONTICELLI, (26) MONTICELLI, (27) PAVONE, (28) CALDOGNO, (29) LA MALCONTESTA, (30) PAVONE.

(Continued.)
examples of Gothic and Palladian architecture, includes photographs of the remains of Petrarca's celebrated villa at Arquà, built in the mid-fourteenth century, which was destined to become the prototype of the first country houses in Venetia. After the London showing the Exhibition will go on tour, and is to be seen in Aberdeen, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Liverpool, Southampton and Eton; and possibly elsewhere.

(RIGHT.)
STARTED IN 1550 BY PALLADIO, COMPLETED BY SCAMOZZI: LA ROTONDA, VERSIONS OF WHICH WERE BUILT IN ENGLAND, INCLUDING (BASICALLY) THE FAMOUS CHISWICK VILLA.



BUILT BY PALLADIO BETWEEN 1568-70: THE VILLA BADOER, ROVIGO, SHOWING THE PORTICO WITH IONIC COLUMNS, AND THE BEAUTIFUL GRAND STAIRCASE.



IN THE STYLE OF PALLADIO: THE VILLA SPINOLA, NOW GASPARINI-LOREDAN, TREVISO, BUILT IN 1770 BY THE ARCHITECT MIAZZI DI BASSANO AFTER A DESIGN BY F. M. PRETI.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

IRIS, CROCUS AND QUETSCH.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

AFTER three or four years of waiting, watching and keen anticipation has come mild disappointment. But that is what all

too often happens where plant breeding is concerned. Until 1949 I had never tried crossing or hybridising any of the Irises, but in the early spring of that year I decided to try to raise crosses between those two lovely, early-flowering bulbous species, *Iris histrioides major* and *I. reticulata*. I carried out the experiment with pot-grown specimens flowering in my sunny, unheated greenhouse, and I made the cross both ways. That is to say, in one cross I made *I. histrioides* the seed parent, with *I. reticulata* as the male or pollen parent. In the other, *I. reticulata* was the seed parent, with *I. histrioides* supplying the pollen. In both cases the seed parents had their anthers removed before they had begun to produce pollen, and precautions were taken to ensure that the matings were strictly according to Cocker. In both cases seeds were produced, and sown, and now the first flowers of both crosses have opened. What I hoped or expected to get from this cross I find it, now, difficult to say, for it would be hard to imagine anything more beautiful—each in its own way—than the two parents involved—the sturdy dwarf *Iris histrioides* in vivid blue, with lighter and darker blue tiger markings, and a rich gold crest, and the slightly taller and more slender *I. reticulata*, deep rich violet in colour, violet scented and again gold crested. How could one possibly improve upon either? I see, now that I stop to think about it, that real improvement would be difficult, even to imagine, and now that my hybrids are flowering I can see that what I have achieved is just about what I might have expected if I had stopped to think when I first embarked on the experiment.

The last stages have been exasperatingly slow. It was obvious, weeks ago, that both crosses were going to flower. There was no mistaking the fattish buds in their wrappings of grey membrane, spearing up slightly ahead of the first narrow green leaves. The worst excesses of the cold spell left them quite unmoved. They just sat and waited for it to let up. But when the thaw came and the first buds began to expand and show colour, cold rains arrived, and for days my first Iris hybrid remained half-open, sodden and sulky, and detesting the conditions as heartily as we all did. The first to open was the one whose seed parent was *Iris histrioides*, with *I. reticulata* as father. It differs little from *histrioides*, and that little is a step back rather than forward—or perhaps half a step. The rich, dark-blue markings on a paler ground are less marked than in the best forms of *histrioides*. It might be a pure *histrioides* seedling, and a not very good one at that. I tried hard—as one does on these occasions—to see differences and even improvements into my hybrid. But it's no good trying to kid oneself. The other hybrid, the *I. reticulata* seedling fathered by *I. histrioides*, is more interesting and more encouraging. It opened about a week later than its half-brother, and is, in effect, a blue edition of *reticulata*. It has the lighter, more slender build of *reticulata* and the blue, rather light in tone, of *I. histrioides*. Yet it could never be mistaken for the paler blue form of *I. reticulata* known as "Cantab." It shows its hybrid parentage quite clearly, and is an unmistakable intermediate between its parents. Whether it has inherited the violet fragrance of *I. reticulata* I can not say. The weather is still so wet and cold that I doubt whether even *reticulata* itself would be exhaling its scent if it were in flower—which at present it is not.

It has been an interesting and worthwhile experiment, even though no world-shaking wonder has resulted—so far. There are several seedlings from both crosses still to flower, and among these optimism still lurks. And even their

flowering will not necessarily be the end of the adventure. In hybridising plants, the best and fullest results do not necessarily come in the first generation. Very often the first generation of hybrid seedlings show little or no difference from one or other of their parents. But if seedlings are raised from seed taken from the first-generation plants, the results are often both surprising

and rewarding.

By far the most beautiful plant in flower here at the moment is *Crocus minimus*. When plant collecting in Corsica in 1910, I saw millions of *Crocus corsicus* flowering in high mountain forest land. But I failed to find the rarer *Crocus minimus*, which is perhaps a pygmy form of *corsicus*. Last autumn I bought half-a-dozen bulbs of *Crocus minimus*, and have grown them in a pot in my unheated greenhouse. They stand exactly 3 ins. high. Grown in the open air they would probably have been rather less. The tiny flowers are finely goblet-shaped, round and shapely. The three inner segments are a warm, light, violet-lilac, and the three outer segments are a deep violet-maroon, feathering into an outer margin of buff. These tiny Crocuses have a fairylike daintiness and, at the same time, are strikingly handsome. Very soon they will have to be planted somewhere in the open air. But I dare not risk them in an open bed. Mice. They will be safer, I think, and nicely insulated, in one of my sink or stone trough gardens.

Recently we have been enjoying quetsch jam, a delicacy little known in this country, but so excellent that, although I seem to remember writing about it in a former article, I make no apology for describing and recommending it again. I first made the acquaintance of the quetsch during the war, when sugar rationing was in full

operation. A friend sent us a great box of the fruit, telling us not to waste it stewed or in pies, but to make it into jam. This we did, and, strangely enough, we managed it quite legitimately. My wife had recently discovered eleven pounds of sugar in an oak chest in the hall, a chest that was normally used to put things on rather than in. About a year before, I had decided to give up sugar in my tea. That meant two or three lumps or spoonfuls at least five times a day, or, in other words, ten to fifteen lumps a day. This quantity I set aside daily, when the rest of the household had gone to bed, hoarding it in biscuit tins in the oak chest. The quetsch, I should explain, is a sort of damson of German origin. Eaten raw it is very dull, neither sweet nor sour, and with little flavour. Made into jam, it is one of the richest and most delicious preserves that I know. Dark-red in colour, the fruits, suspended in thick syrup, have the flavour of the most luscious Carlsbad plums, but with a certain freshness which is lacking in Carlsbads. To be enjoyed and savoured to the full, quetsch jam should not be eaten as jam, with butter, on bread. The better and more worthy way is to eat it with a spoon, like some rare and delicate confection—which in fact it is. Or one can compromise. Quetsch jam is composed of two distinct parts. There is the rich, fruity syrup, and there are the actual fruits themselves, and these have curiously thick, tough, yet delicious skins, with much fruit attached. The way to compromise is to take a very large helping, and consume the syrup as jam, with bread and butter, and then eat the fruit part as a sweetmeat. The tough skins may sound horrible, but actually they have exactly the right combined toughness and fruitiness to provide the perfect chewing consistency without becoming a laborious occupation.

The recipe for this delicacy is very simple. It is made exactly as plum or damson jam is made. I recommend leaving the stones in permanently. They impart a slight almondy tang to the Carlsbad flavour. Or I like to think they do. Having once tried quetsch jam, I at once bought and planted a quetsch tree, and now we make jam from our own home-grown fruit. My regret is that I did not plant half-a-dozen trees. Very few folk seem to know or grow the quetsch in this country, probably because very few nurserymen grow it, and still less boost it. In fact, I only know of one nurseryman who stocks it—which is a very great pity.



"THE STURDY DWARF *IRIS HISTRIOIDES (MAJOR)* IN VIVID BLUE, WITH LIGHTER AND DARKER BLUE TIGER MARKINGS, AND A RICH GOLD CREST."



"THE SLIGHTLY TALLER AND MORE SLENDER *IRIS RETICULATA*, DEEP RICH VIOLET IN COLOUR, VIOLET SCENTED AND AGAIN GOLD CRESTED. HOW COULD ONE POSSIBLY IMPROVE UPON EITHER?" ON THIS PAGE MR. ELLIOTT DESCRIBES HIS ATTEMPTS TO DO SO.

Photographs by D. F. Merrett.

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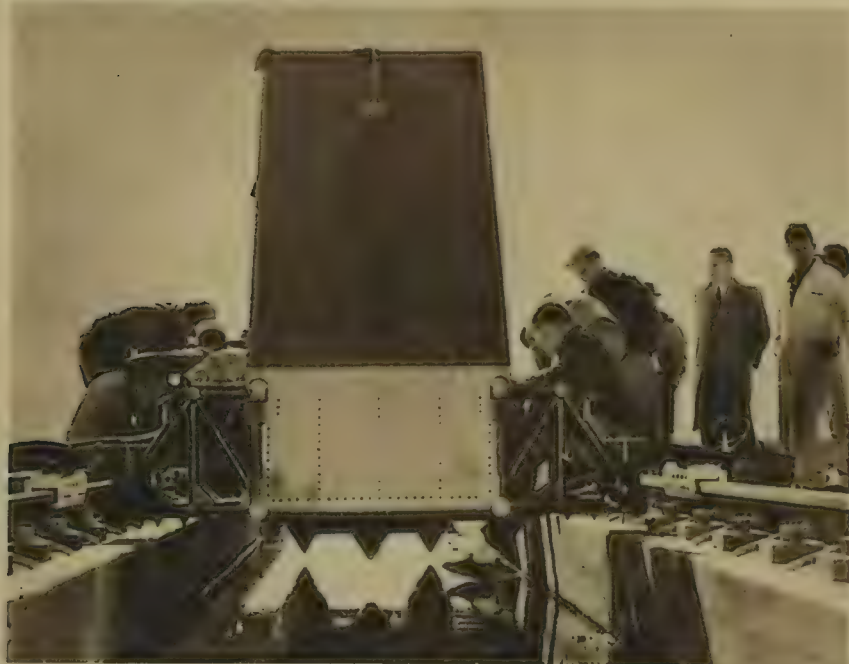
"THE WORLD'S FASTEST LAND VEHICLE."



"THE WORLD'S FASTEST LAND PASSENGER VEHICLE": A ROCKET-PROPELLED RAIL-SLED, WITH A DUMMY PILOT TURNED HEAD OVER HEELS 180 TIMES A MINUTE.



THE ROCKET SLED SEEN FROM THE REAR: THE PROPULSION UNIT IS HERE FITTED WITH SIX ROCKETS—HALF-POWER, FOR TESTS AT RELATIVELY SLOW SPEEDS.



THE FRONT OF THE TEST VEHICLE OF THE ROCKET-SLED. IT TRAVELS OVER A WATER TROUGH AND ADJUSTABLE SCOOPS (VISIBLE BELOW, CENTRE) ARE USED FOR THE BRAKING SYSTEM.

This strange vehicle is a rocket-propelled sled, capable of travelling over its rails at 750 miles an hour—about the speed of sound at its altitude of 4092 ft. above sea-level, and it has been developed by Northrop Aviation, Inc., for the U.S. Air Force to test protective equipment to enable air crews to survive bailing-out from aircraft travelling faster than sound. It consists of two parts: the test vehicle, or front part; and the propulsion vehicle, or hinder part. These are separate; and the propulsion vehicle, powered with twelve rockets for full speeds, pushes the test vehicle. Eventually volunteer passengers may ride in the test vehicle, but at present dummies are used and rotated head over heels 180 times a minute as the vehicle travels at 750 m.p.h., to simulate the effect of bailing-out at 40,000 ft. at 1800 m.p.h.—the apparent discrepancy being due to the greater density of the air at ground-level.

BRITAIN'S FIRST GAS STREET HEATERS.

Street heating by gas radiator has been tried in a number of Continental cities, notably Bremen, where a shopping centre derived especial benefit from the amenity. At the end of February a test installation was made in Grainger Street, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where four gas radiation heaters were suspended above the pavement outside a gas showroom. The experiment is to be continued for three months; and the idea is believed to have far-reaching possibilities. It could be applied, it is suggested, to warming a whole shopping centre or a sports stadium; and could bring a welcome comfort for theatre, cinema and bus queues. Portable types might also be used industrially, for example, at building sites, or in shipyards. It has also been claimed that the principle could be used in clearing fog.



BRITAIN'S FIRST GAS STREET HEATER: A GAS RADIANT HEATER, HERE SHOWN IN CLOSE-UP, AND AT PRESENT BEING TESTED AT NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.



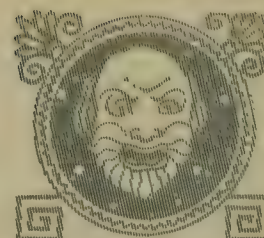
GAS STREET HEATERS, INSTALLED EXPERIMENTALLY OUTSIDE A GAS SHOWROOM IN NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE—WITH PASSERS-BY NOTICING THE EFFECT OF THEIR WARMTH.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

ALONG THE FEARFUL ROAD.

By ALAN DENT.



THE unalluring landscape—it is vaguely somewhere in Central America, not a thousand miles from Panama—manages to look both arid and waterlogged. It is as though the rains had recently come to this craggy desert, had sunk rapidly to the roots of the leathery vegetation, and had left no other sign of their visit than an occasional deep puddle in the rough road.

Along that road come two heavily loaded motor-trucks, now close together, now separated by a mile or two. They are driven warily, uneasily. We have learned already the reason for the dire caution. Both are stacked with casks of nitro-glycerine which has to be conveyed to the ultimate destination of a blazing oil-well: it is 300 miles away from the languid, starving town from which we started.

The four men whose danger enthralls us are merely four out of the hundreds of dead-end desperadoes whom we had seen bickering and brawling and craving for employment in the long opening sequences of the film. The characters of these four are made to emerge, with considerable narrative craft, though it seems to us at first that we cannot be more interested in any four of them than we are in the rest of the pack of riff-raff wolves, or pariah-dogs, or beetles, or what have you.

However, it so happens—or is so arranged—that when Luigi and Bimba are chosen to drive the first lorry, and Mario and Jo the second, we find that we already know all four pretty well—rats and riff-raff, we agree, but interesting rats and riff-raff of promise. Luigi (Folco Lulli) is your typical tubby Italian peasant—loud, laughing, farinaceous, and with a kind of generosity even in his smallness. Bimba (Peter van Eyck) is Nordic and vain, a Copenhagen beachcomber, a young man who is proud of his conceit. He shaves in the midst of his perils, telling his companion that his father had a bath just before he was hanged, and now lathers his own face even while driving, for the reason that one must always look one's best even if one is about to be a corpse.

A less self-conscious kind of conceit is that of Mario (Yves Montand), the blue-eyed pride of the Parisian bistro, a glamour-boy of Corsican origin, who has had to leave his beloved city for reasons which are left to our active imagination, and who keeps in his pocket a Métro ticket, a souvenir of the city of light in this heart of darkness. Mario is scum, but elegant scum. His partner is the adventurer Jo (Charles Vanel), another sort of Frenchman,

(It should be carefully noted that Clouzot, though he uses as basis a novel by Georges Arnaud, has written the adaptation and the dialogue himself, over and above his complete control of the direction.)

Two other films have come my way since I saw this Clouzot masterpiece, "The Wages of Fear." One of these was "The Member of the Wedding," a not very satisfactory film version of the American play

lonely man with a gun on an island near Palermo, in Sicily, was forcibly interviewed by a detective. How came it that the lonely man's beautiful wife, who had been found dead in a burnt-out fisherman's hut, had a bullet-wound through her temple? The involved reason is shown laboriously by means of flash-backs innumerable. The lady's virtue, it seems, had been too easy even for the mid-Mediterranean. It had created havoc among the sponge-divers, driven at least one of their sisters to suicide, antagonised servants, and deceived apparently nobody for any length of time excepting the now lonely man, Don Pietro, who had inadvertently married the creature and brought her to the island which was to be her happy hunting-ground and unhappy undoing. O, donna fatale!

A luscious creature called Silvana Pampanini plays this island Circe and is far too busily engaged in being seductive (which comes easy to her) to do anything that can be called acting (which probably comes difficult). The film, in fact, would sink completely into a morass of what you might call touring-opera theatricality—the resemblance to a performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana" in darkest Staffordshire is irresistible!—were it not for a fine and harrowed and genuine performance of the lonely man by Folco Lulli. It was that name, in fact, which drew me to this film at all. For it is, of course, the same actor who plays Luigi in "The Wages of Fear"—a film to which I return, and will again return, with eagerness and zest. I would recommend it as the old playbills used to recommend the melodramas of yesteryear. Horror, tension, thrills! See the first disaster, the sudden sea of oil! See the great scene of suspense when Bimba prepares to blow up a boulder which will either clear the way or destroy everybody! See four skunks full of high courage and the love of life! See four desperate heroes, valiant in adversity, and yet with natures and characters pitted with every nameable and unnameable vice! See sordid glory, glorious squalor, and a positively Miltonic courage never to submit or yield!

But be advised and do not leave before the absolute end! Jo and Luigi and Bimba have perished in their various ways. Mario has delivered his truck at last, and has been hailed and rewarded, and he speeds back to the heaven-forsaken place he started from. They await him there, having heard of his triumphant exploit. They are even preparing a reckless, tawdry dance in his honour. And there is the Mario whom we have learned to like with all his deplorableness, driving back hell-for-leather with all the more



ONE OF THE FILMS SHOWN DURING THE M.-G.-M. FILM FESTIVAL WEEK: "RHAPSODY," SHOWING ELIZABETH TAYLOR, WHO PLAYS A LEADING PART IN THIS LOVE-STORY OF A YOUNG GIRL AND TWO TEMPERAMENTAL CONCERT ARTISTS, WITH THE VIOLINIST (VITTORIO GASSMAN). THE FILM IS DIRECTED BY CHARLES VIDOR AND PRODUCED BY LAWRENCE WEINGARTEN. THE STORY IS BASED ON A NOVEL BY HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON CALLED "MAURICE GUEST."

of the same name by Carson McCullers. This has a situation rather than a story. It is that of a girl of twelve in a slummy shack in Georgia who cannot understand why she cannot be allowed to join her

brother and his bride on their honeymoon. The film is acted by the same cast which appeared in the play in New York four years ago—Julie Harris as the emotional child, Ethel Waters as the Negro servant who mothers her, and Brandon De Wilde as a formidable little pest of a boy. Stanley Kramer directed this film, and I cannot quite make out whether it is subtlety or carelessness which has made him insist on his Momma having a broom-handle in her hands almost throughout and emphasising her remarks with sweepings. The fact that she sweeps all round her, seeming to bring the dirt to her own feet all the time, makes one reflect that the room must be an even greater mess when she has finished this process than it was when she began. One wonders also whether this Momma in real life, whether in Georgia or anywhere else, would not have handed her broom to the girl Frankie and told her to wipe away her misery with a spot of labour. (Incidentally, I was

in Savannah, Georgia, as recently as last November, and better-swept households I never did see!)

Julie Harris, granting this film's insistence that Frankie would be allowed to luxuriate in her grief, luxuriates in it to devastating effect, and brilliantly suggests—with open sweat-glands and freckles innumerable—that she really is an adolescent and deeply worried child of only half the actress's actual age.

Another intervening film I saw was an Italian adventure called "The Island Sinner," in which a



THE FILM WHICH OPENED THE M.-G.-M. FILM FESTIVAL HELD IN CELEBRATION OF THEIR 30TH JUBILEE YEAR: "KISS ME KATE," AT THE EMPIRE, LEICESTER SQUARE, SHOWING (L. TO R.) TOMMY RALL, ANN MILLER, KATHRYN GRAYSON AND HOWARD KEEL. THIS 3-D COLOUR FILM OPENED ITS NORMAL RUN AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE ON FEBRUARY 27.

worthy almost of a Conrad novel, a desperate decadent with an air, which he loses almost as rapidly as he loses his nerve and his thin mask of courage. Conrad, in fact, would have made of the narrative a study of four differing grades of courage. This other genius, the director of the film, Henri-Georges Clouzot, makes it exactly the same thing in cinematic terms. He cannot, as Conrad would, probe into each grade with his eloquence. But he can and does display each grade with the screen's well-contrived actions and reactions.



SHOWN AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE, LEICESTER SQUARE, DURING METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S FESTIVAL WEEK: "EXECUTIVE SUITE," A SCENE INSIDE A NEW YORK BOARD-ROOM, WITH (L. TO R.) PAUL DOUGLAS, BARBARA STANWYCK, WALTER PIDGEON, WILLIAM HOLDEN, NINA FUCH AND LOUIS CALHERN. THE FILM IS DIRECTED BY ROBERT WISE AND PRODUCED BY JOHN HOUSEMAN.

excitement and lack of caution because he has unloaded his dangerous wares and need no longer take more than the usual precautions. The rules say I must leave him there, with the sparkle of the anticipated party in his Corsican blue eyes. On second thoughts it might be as well to come away in that second-last minute of the film. For the ending, though a complete and ghastly surprise, is almost too cruel.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: A RECORD OF ROYAL AND OTHER OCCASIONS.



ARRIVING IN CASABLANCA ON HIS FIRST TOUR OF HIS KINGDOM: THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO BEING PRESENTED WITH THE TRADITIONAL GIFT OF DATES AND MILK.



DRIVING THROUGH THE STREETS OF CASABLANCA: THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO (IN SECOND CAR), FOLLOWED BY FRENCH AND MOROCCAN OFFICIALS AND BY HIS PERSONAL GUARDS.

The Sultan of Morocco, Sidi Mohamed Ben Moulay Arafa, has been making a tour of his kingdom. From Casablanca, where elaborate precautions were taken to prevent any incidents, the Sultan went on to Marrakesh, where some days earlier, on February 19, an attempt was made to assassinate El Glaoui, the Pasha of Marrakesh, while he was at prayer in the Kutoubia Mosque.



TWIN BROTHERS CREATED HONORARY BURGESSES OF ROTHESAY ON THEIR COMING-OF-AGE: THE EARL OF DUMFRIES (RIGHT) AND LORD DAVID CRICHTON-STUART.

The Earl of Dumfries and Lord David Crichton-Stuart, twin sons of the Marquess of Bute, were created honorary burgesses of Rothesay on February 27 on the occasion of their coming-of-age. Our photograph shows the Marchioness of Bute admiring a casket presented to Lord David Crichton-Stuart.



ARRIVING AT NICOSIA AIRPORT TO TAKE UP HIS NEW APPOINTMENT AS GOVERNOR OF CYPRUS: MR. R. P. ARMITAGE (SALUTING, LEFT).

Mr. Robert Perceval Armitage, accompanied by his wife, arrived at Nicosia Airport from London on February 19 to take up his appointment as Governor of Cyprus in succession to Sir Andrew Wright, who has retired. Mr. Armitage, who is forty-seven, was formerly Minister for Finance, Gold Coast.



LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW CHURCH OF ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES AT PLAISTOW, IN THE EAST END OF LONDON: PRINCESS MARGARET TAKING THE TROWEL OF MORTAR WITH WHICH SHE PERFORMED THE CEREMONY ON FEBRUARY 24.



AT THE FIRST PERFORMANCE OF THE 3-D FILM "KISS ME, KATE" AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE, LEICESTER SQUARE: PRINCESS MARGARET WATCHING MR. DENYS RHODES EXAMINING HIS 3-D SPECTACLES.

On February 22 Princess Margaret was present at the first performance of the film "Kiss Me, Kate" at the Empire Theatre, Leicester Square, which was held in aid of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The Princess was a radiant figure in an evening dress of apricot organza. During the film she used a pair of gold-rimmed 3-D spectacles specially made for her.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

FIRE AND SLAUGHTER.

By J. C. TREWIN.

CHARLES MORGAN, in his new play, says that the invention he calls "the burning-glass" can be understood by all who in childhood have concentrated the sun's rays through a magnifying-glass and burned a hole in a piece of paper or set fire to a dry leaf.

I believe that Shakespeare's arrogant patrician, Coriolanus, should have the power of a burning-glass. We feel that he must be able to scorch and to blast. It is not enough for the leaf to smoulder. If we do not feel that Volumnia and the suppliants have stemmed a fierce blaze, then the play has not been fully performed. Coriolanus sits in gold, his eye "red as 'twould burn Rome." Then let it appear so. I have seen actors of Coriolanus who, even at Antium after exile, were too full of the milk of human kindness, just as I have known Volumnias better fitted for darts in the nursery than for wielding the thunderbolts of eternal Rome.

I came away from a reasonably successful evening at the Old Vic, only half-persuaded. In my ears was the mighty roar that makes a Vic première as exciting as anything in our theatre. Although applause is devoutly to be wished, the glorious Old Vic roar can sometimes be less discriminating than affectionate. It can be held, of course, that my reaction to it must depend upon my own feelings about the play. To labour the point, then, is dangerous; but while willing to agree that Richard Burton's Coriolanus comes through better than anything he has done this season, I am not likely to remember it as a particularly stirring performance. I feared as much when Coriolanus entered so unobtrusively that we hardly knew he was there. This man, of all men, should make an entrance.

Later, Mr. Burton was suitably arrogant, suitably smouldering; but I never believed that he would break into real flame. I have not forgotten Olivier's magnificent Coriolanus of 1938, a pillar of fire on a plinth of marble. Richard Burton, though he improves, lacks the right vocal quality. His speech can be up-and-down, see-saw. Some lines, such as "Let the mutinous winds strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun," here go for nothing. At the première he impressed me most in the scene where Coriolanus "unmuffles" himself to Tullus Aufidius at Antium, though, strangely, I brought away as a first recollection—and of all unlikely things—the quick and gentle recognition of Valeria (beautifully done by Gwen Cherrell) as "the moon of Rome."

For me this is not wholly the obdurate autocrat, the lonely-dragon Coriolanus, the avenger. He fills his place, no doubt, but he will not have the "noble memory" Aufidius promises. Let us say merely that Coriolanus at the Vic is not yet the son of his mother.

Michael Benthall has been daring at the last. He ends the play on the wild, concerted cry, "Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him." As the Volscian conspirators withdraw after giving the death-strokes, Coriolanus grasps the great doors for a moment, then sinks backward dead. A brief, charged pause; the Volscians move down the steps and out of sight; the curtain falls. No time here for Aufidius to say, unpersuasively, that he is stricken with sorrow. I think Mr. Benthall is wise. Throughout, he orders the production swiftly and clearly; and for once the tiresome permanent façade—are we really to have this throughout the cycle?—does not trouble us. It is good to see the central arch filled with the great doors of Corioles, or, at other times, to observe the golden eagle that speaks for Imperial Rome.

Volumnia, mother of Coriolanus, is the voice of Rome. Fay Compton can present both the "noble lady" and the unflinching matriarch. She does not move perpetually under a thundercloud as we imagine Sarah Siddons and Genevieve Ward did. She has the fire that her son cannot kindle; she is superb in supplication; and she will be more impressive still, I think, when she moderates her gestures, Volumnia in the supplication should be a sculptural figure, whole as the marble, founded as the rock: gestures

are enough at (let us say) "Trust to 't, thou shalt not," "No; our suit is, that you reconcile them," and "His name remains to the ensuing age abhor'd." But Miss Compton has a noble vocal sweep: I have never heard a better delivery of the lines, earlier in the play:

Do as thou list.

Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me,
But owe thy pride thyself.

William Squire's Menenius is something of a triumph. True, there are few parts in Shakespeare



"MISS SKINNER'S ONE-WOMAN REVUE ATTEMPTS TO RE-CREATE A CITY AND A PERIOD (TOULOUSE-LAUTREC PERIOD)": "PARIS '90," SHOWING MISS CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER, IN ONE OF HER BEST RÔLES IN THE REVUE, AS A BOSTON SCHOOLTEACHER IN PARIS.

more grateful than the old patrician; we have recent memories of Alec Guinness and Michael Hordern. William Squire has a silver dignity. It almost passes



"THIS MAGNIFICENT AND TESTING ROMAN PLAY HAS A CORIOLANUS NOT YET IN FULL BLAZE—THOUGH THE ACTOR'S TIME WILL COME": "CORIOLANUS" (OLD VIC), SHOWING VOLUMNIA (FAY COMPTON—CENTRE) WITH VIRGILIA (CLAIRE BLOOM) FLEADING WITH CORIOLANUS (RICHARD BURTON). IN WRITING OF VOLUMNIA (FAY COMPTON) MR. TREWIN SAYS: "SHE HAS THE FIRE THAT HER SON CANNOT KINDLE; SHE IS SUBERB IN SUPPLICATION."

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE BURNING GLASS" (Apollo).—Another of Charles Morgan's melodramas of the mind: a play extremely exciting at its best, and weighted elsewhere by Mr. Morgan's special authority (though there are some near-composites, and the first act is better in text than in performance). Michael Goodliffe and Laurence Naismith act with strength. (February 18.)

CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER (St. Martin's).—Miss Skinner's one-woman revue, called "Paris '90," attempts to re-create a city and a period (Toulouse-Lautrec period). It proves to be too much for this endearing *disease*, although her schoolmistress from Boston and her voice from a niche at Notre Dame can delight us. The evening droops; but it has been a brave effort. (February 22.)

"CORIOLANUS" (Old Vic).—This magnificent and testing Roman play has a Coriolanus (Richard Burton) not yet in full blaze—though the actor's time will come—a Volumnia (Fay Compton) whose voice has an edge like her son's sword, and a Menenius (William Squire) who loses not a comma in his part. Michael Benthall's production is forcible, and the permanent set is for once a help and not a disaster. (February 23.)

belief that this "humorous patrician, one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in 't," should also be the bubble-dormouse Andrew of "Twelfth Night." John Neville, another splendid young actor, has the manner for Cominius: here is the scorch of the famous line-and-a-half, "I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye red as 'twould burn Rome." I am sorry that he has to lose the early speech in which Cominius utters the deeds of Coriolanus, though it is, I suppose, ripe for cutting, and Mr. Benthall has not hesitated. A Cominius long ago fixed in my mind the lines in which Coriolanus

for his meed

Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea. . . .

The rest of the cast—with Edgar Wreford disguising himself completely as the more gnarled of the "old crab trees," the demagogic tribunes—help to give vigour to the revival. There is a hearty crowd. I shall remember the greenish Captain-Hook lighting of the Volscies (a Russian producer, years ago, would probably have said that this was to mark the jealousy of Aufidius), and also the moment when Volumnia, after her mission has conquered, looks back distrustfully at the figures of Aufidius and his lieutenant. She knows the truth of Coriolanus's word: "But, for your son, believe it. . . . Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd, if not most mortal to him."

When Valeria was explaining how that peculiarly horrid child, young Martius, had mammoocked the gilded butterfly—there are few more displeasing youths in English drama—I remembered the Prime Minister's line from Mr. Morgan's "The Burning Glass" (Apollo), "Oh, yes, I was a very destructive little boy."

It was a line I found hard to credit. I could not imagine that this honest genius of a Prime Minister, this Winthrop (as acted so firmly by Laurence Naismith) could ever have been young. He is a masterful figure in Mr. Morgan's play, a drama that shows again how, in one personage, two writers—a wholly theatrical dramatist and what a farmer of my acquaintance used to call a Thinkin' Man—fight everlastingly for power. I confess to preferring the theatrical Mr. Morgan.

Although the text was on my table, I did not read "The Burning Glass" until returning from the theatre. It comes up better, as a whole, in the book. This is fortified by the eloquence of a long preface on "Power Over Nature"; and the first act and the second scene of the third act, which loiter in performance, do not disappoint on the page. But a play is meant to be played. At the Apollo Mr. Morgan gets his melodrama of ideas moving surely only during the second act, and the first scene of the third, which generate an excitement that reminds me of Act Two of "The River Line." They reminded me also of those lines on war in "Coriolanus": "It's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent."

The title is the name of a new invention, a means of using the upper atmosphere as a lens and of concentrating solar heat upon any part of the earth's surface. It can be a fearful weapon. Its young inventor—he has hit upon it almost by accident—considers that Man must be protected against the effects of an abnormal development of his power over Nature. He will allow the use of his machine to the West only in the gravest emergency. I have said that a Prime Minister is a leading figure of the play. We know, too, how thoroughly Mr. Morgan can deal with a problem of conscience.

In the theatre the play grows as it becomes less aware of itself, or as we become less aware of the author acting as ventriloquist. Nothing could be sharper, in the context, than the end of Act Two. And the acting, especially Michael Goodliffe's as the inventor, Mr. Naismith's as the Prime Minister, and Michael Gough's as one of the night's casualties (I suspect another that is only hinted at) develops the play with care, both when the fire is set alight and when it is still smouldering.

ENGLAND, AMERICA, GERMANY AND THE EAST:
A MISCELLANY OF INFORMATIVE PHOTOGRAPHS.



NEARING COMPLETION: A NEW SUSPENSION BRIDGE OVER THE RHINE, NEAR COLOGNE, TO REPLACE THAT DESTROYED IN WORLD WAR II.

Work on a new suspension bridge across the great river of the Rhine near Cologne was begun in 1952, and is nearing completion. It is to replace a bridge at the same spot which was destroyed during World War II. Our photograph gives an excellent idea of the immense length of the bridge, 1840 ft.; and the height of the towering pylons.



A NEW ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND: THE GERMAN VOLKSWAGEN EIGHT-SEATER MICROBUS DE LUXE; A COACH POWERED BY AN 11-H.P. AIR-COOLED ENGINE.

The first German Volkswagen eight-seater *Microbus* recently arrived in this country. It is a comfortable coach at the price, economy of operation and manoeuvrability of a private car. It is taxed at £12 10s., has a petrol consumption of 27-30 m.p.h.; and can be cruised at 50 m.p.h. The air-cooled 11-h.p. Volkswagen engine is situated at the rear.



ARRIVING AT NORTHOLT: MISS KATJA VAN DYK, WHO IS BELIEVED TO BE THE TALLEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD. Miss Katja van Dyk, who arrived recently from Germany for a visit to this country, is 8 ft. 4½ ins. in height, and believed to be the tallest woman in the world. She was formerly a concert singer and can speak seven languages.



DISTURBANCES IN DAMASCUS: RIOTERS STORMING THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES ON THE MORNING OF FEBRUARY 28. Damascus continued disturbed on February 28, when the new President, Hashem Atassi (successor to Brigadier Shishakli) was expected. He was opposed by other factions, and during the morning rioters stormed the Chamber of Deputies as a session was about to open. Windows were broken, deputies manhandled and the Chamber was dissolved.



WITH HIS MALAY BRIDE: MANSOOR ADABI, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO BERTHA HERTOGH WAS ANNULLED.

Mansoor Adabi, a Moslem school teacher, married Bertha Hertogh, a Dutch girl left with a Malay woman when the Japanese invaded Java. This Moslem wedding was annulled; and in 1950 riots followed in Singapore. Mansoor Adabi has now married a Malay girl. Bertha Hertogh, now a Roman Catholic, is living in Holland.



WITH THE RUSSIAN-MADE MIG 15 WHICH A NORTH KOREAN PILOT HAD BEEN PAID TO DELIVER TO THE U.S. FORCES: AN AMERICAN PILOT AT THE DAYTON, OHIO, AIR FORCE BASE. The Russian-made MIG 15, which a North Korean pilot had been induced to hand over to the U.S. forces in return for a sum of money, in Korea, was shown to the public at the Dayton Air Force base recently. Our photograph shows the first U.S. pilot to fly the aircraft in tests at Okinawa. He also displayed it at Dayton, Ohio.



THE CANADIAN PREMIER IN DELHI: MR. ST. LAURENT FOLDING HIS HANDS IN INDIAN FASHION TO ACKNOWLEDGE GREETINGS BY INDIAN VILLAGE WOMEN.

Mr. St. Laurent, the Canadian Premier, arrived in Delhi on February 21 by air from Lahore, and was met at Palem airport by Mr. Nehru, members of the Cabinet, the Commanders-in-Chief and heads of Diplomatic Missions. During a visit to a village near New Delhi he accepted a wreath of flowers from the native women.

NEWS FROM ABROAD: A NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDING AND OTHER ITEMS.



WHERE NEARLY 7000 MEN OF THE ALLIED FORCES, WHO DIED BUILDING THE NOTORIOUS "DEATH RAILWAY," ARE BURIED: THE P.O.W. CEMETERY AT KANCHANABURI, SIAM. During World War II, nearly 9000 Dutch and British prisoners-of-war, and untold thousands of Asians, died at the hands of the Japanese whilst building the notorious "Death Railway" linking Bangkok, Siam, and Ye, Burma. To-day, not far from the track, are cemeteries at Chungkai and Kanchanaburi, where the Allied prisoners lie buried. Soon the wooden crosses are to be replaced by stone memorials. 120 miles of the track have been salvaged and relaid by the Siamese and the railway is to-day a busy thoroughfare.



DRAWING INTO THE STATION AT KANCHANABURI, SIAM, OVER THE "DEATH RAILWAY" TRACK RELAYED BY THE SIAMESE AFTER THE WAR: A JAPANESE-BUILT WOOD-BURNING LOCOMOTIVE PULLING A FULLY-LOADED TRAIN OF PASSENGERS AND GOODS.



KENYA'S NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, WHICH WERE OPENED IN NAIROBI ON FEBRUARY 16 IN THE NEW LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL CHAMBER BY THE GOVERNOR, SIR EVELYN BARING.

The new building follows closely that of the plan of the House of Commons, and the influence of Westminster can be seen in the tall tower with a great clock, the chimes of which sound very much like those of Big Ben. Among those at the opening ceremony were the Sultan of Zanzibar and Gen. Erskine, C-in-C.



NEW YORK "RAPIDS": WATER FROM A BROKEN MAIN SURGED DOWN A BRONX STREET IN NEW YORK ON FEBRUARY 26 AND AFFECTED DISTRICTS FOR HALF A MILE AROUND. IT TOOK EMERGENCY CREWS 1½ HOURS TO STOP THE FLOW.



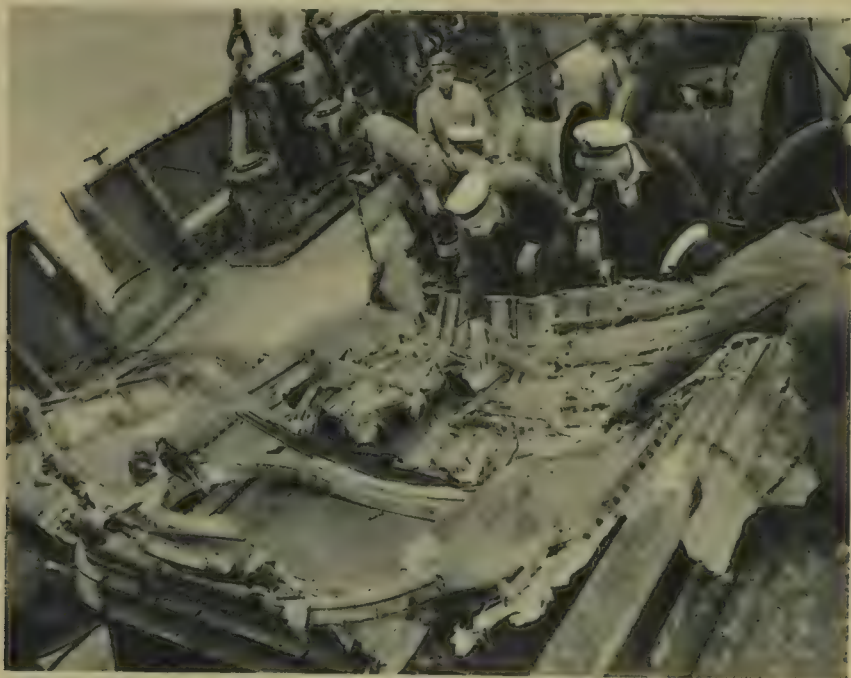
THE NEW SIKORSKY S-56 HELICOPTER, CAPABLE OF TRANSPORTING TWENTY-SIX FIGHTING MEN, SEEN IN LOW-LEVEL FLIGHT DURING RECENT TESTS. THE WHEELS ARE RETRACTILE.

This helicopter, the Sikorsky S-56, which bears the U.S. Marine Corps designation of XHR2S-1, is that which was originally announced in September 1953 by General L. S. Shepherd, Jr., Commandant of the Marine Corps. It has two Pratt and Whitney R2800 aircraft engines on stub wings, whose power is transmitted



THE SIKORSKY S-50, AFTER LANDING AND WITH ITS DOUBLE DOORS FLUNG OPEN TO ALLOW TWO COMBAT ASSAULT SQUADS OF U.S. MARINES TO CHARGE OUT AT THE DOUBLE. to a five-blade main rotor and a small tail rotor, both of which fold for handy stowage in aircraft carriers. It has retractile landing gear and is believed to be the first helicopter so fitted. It has a top speed of over 150 m.p.h. and carries two combat assault squads or twenty-six armed men.

SALVAGING THE WRECKAGE OF THE COMET AIRLINER: WITH SEA SALVOR OFF ELBA.



PART OF THE PORT SIDE OF THE COMET'S FUSELAGE, INCLUDING THE PASSENGERS' DOOR, RECOVERED ON FEBRUARY 25: THIS PIECE WAS RAISED FIRST ON FEBRUARY 23 BUT LOST.



A PORTION OF THE COMET'S FUSELAGE ON THE DECK OF SEA SALVOR AFTER BEING RAISED ON FEBRUARY 24, WHEN ABOUT 200 SQUARE FEET OF FUSELAGE WAS SALVED.



CLEARLY SHOWING THE LETTERS "B.O.A.C.": A FRAGMENT OF FUSELAGE SECTION BEING EXAMINED ON THE DECK OF SEA SALVOR AFTER BEING RECOVERED OFF ELBA.

On February 12 it was confirmed that the salvage fleet seeking the remains of the *Comet* airliner which crashed in the sea off Elba on January 10 had definitely identified a number of fragments, lying at about 400 ft., by means of an underwater television camera. On February 19 the wreckage was examined for the first time by a diver in an observation chamber. On February 21 parts of the *Comet* were raised by the salvage vessel, *Sea Salvor*; these came mainly from the baggage-hold under the passengers' cabin just astern of the main plane and included many square feet of metal skin, tarpaulins, a passenger's chair, hydraulic control gear and electric cable. On February 22 the pressure dome and part of the toilet compartments were raised and among the fragments were entangled



SWINGING INBOARD SEA SALVOR'S GRAB, HOLDING A LARGE PORTION OF FUSELAGE. THOUGH THE GRAB DAMAGES THE FRAGMENTS, THIS DAMAGE CAN BE IDENTIFIED.



THE TAIL FIN OF THE COMET AIRLINER, WHICH HAD BEEN RECOVERED BY SEA SALVOR, AFTER BEING OFF-LOADED AT THE PIER OF PORTO AZZURRO, ELBA.

nylon stockings, a yellow spotted necktie and a pair of child's socks. On February 23 a large fragment was being raised, but was lost in rising bad weather. This piece was successfully recovered on February 25; but on this day an underwater television camera was damaged after becoming fouled, it is thought, by one of *Sea Salvor's* six anchors. On February 28 *Sea Salvor*, after eight days at sea, was in harbour, having recovered most of the wreckage (mainly of the airliner's after-part) which lay in the area of her moorings; and on that day it was announced that Admiral Lord Mountbatten intended to pay a visit to the *Comet* recovery fleet on March 3. What has been done is a great achievement. How much more will be attempted was not known at the date of writing.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IT would be far too much—indeed, it would be nonsense—to maintain that length, in fiction, is an effect of shallowness, and brevity the golden rule. Someone would only have to murmur "War and Peace." And, anyhow, there is no rule; in art there is no single standard or "correct idea." And yet a little work of the first class does make the ordinary longish novel look a trifle silly. Why that expense of words, why all that business and elaboration? A tale has no need to spread out, if it is representative enough; if it can sink a shaft in the right place. If—but in fact the small works are extremely rare, and it would seem the vital areas are few. Possibly there is only one; and if there is one English member of the class, its name escapes me. "In Love," by Alfred Hayes (Gollancz; ros. 6d.), comes from America; and like its French connections, it is "unillusioned." But, unlike them, it has no mixture of romance. It is plebeian through and through: a modern story, with the vulgarest of simple plots. All that the nameless hero has to describe that afternoon, in the hotel bar, to the pretty girl, is how his own girl ditched him for a millionaire.

And he can't even say that she was running out on a grand passion. They were in love, of course—or were they just passing the time? At least there was no feeling of arrival. Her messy little rooms, her melancholia, her cult of palmists and graphologists, her muddled claim to a so-reasonable happiness, all breathed impermanence and discontent. And yet perhaps it was her lover's doing. She wanted to be cherished and secure, whereas his line was to be uninvolved, with a convenient love-affair on tap. Therefore, in airy mood, he would debunk their love, give her pep talks on independence, mock at the possibility of dying without her (when, after all, there were so many girls he had survived). She might have broken with him earlier, if she had felt quite sure that it would break his heart; or, on the other hand, she might have stuck to him. Even when Howard cropped up, a show of jealousy and passion might have saved the day. Only the lover couldn't bring it off; he had to smile and smile, pretending cheerfulness, pretending to be unalarmed. . . . Till one day, suddenly, she threw him over. And then the anguish was unspeakable; it was as though she had removed a vital cog, and without her he was undone. Yet why undone? For their amour now struck him as grotesque, and, in the present, he had no consciousness of loving—only of an exclusive need, a great "sphinx of necessity," which was all nonsense. . . . But I have left out the ironic comedy; within small compass, the tale is brilliantly dramatic. And it is finely, almost lyrically, written.

OTHER FICTION.

"Flaming Janet," by Pamela Hill (Chatto and Windus; 12s. 6d.), will be a welcome change for those who need it, and should appeal to others if they give it time. With me it took a little time: since flame-like, bullying young ternaigants, laughing and tossing back their hair, are not initially my cup of tea. Not even far away and long ago: to be precise, in Galloway, round about 1500. But Janet Kennedy, although she has the reputation of a wanton and the manners of a "roaring girl," is all romantic sacrifice under the skin. From childhood she has dreamed of young James IV.—the pale Renaissance prince, the star of chivalry, gay, splendid, amorous, devout, roving incognito among the poor, and secretly wearing an iron chain in penance for his father's death. Janet once saw him as a lad, since when—and even earlier on hearsay—she has aspired to captivate him. But they are not two of a kind; and her best hope, a chance encounter on the moors, over the Beltane fire, is wrecked by the young lout of Lochinvar. Janet was his betrothed; now she gets rid of him with scandal. But her appearance at the court of Stirling has been delayed too long. James is in love with Margaret Drummond. They will be forced apart, he will have other mistresses, but he will never change. And Janet's portion is among the others. For she does get him in the end; she is "official," favoured and enriched—but howled at as the poisoner of his true love, doomed to console his agony, to look after his bastard children, to string him up to the festivities for Margaret Tudor, then to retire into the wilderness and, after Flodden, to be quite alone.

Which, one must say, is not bad for a roaring girl. It is a rich, romantic narrative, in just the proper style, and with a bibliography into the bargain.

"The Balloon," by Henry Phelps Brown (Macmillan; 12s. 6d.), concerns a group of English officers during the phony war, and in the few weeks before Dunkirk. In other words, it is the last of a long series. And it has two grave handicaps: a want of story and a want of power. But though the first impression is not strong, when you begin to take it the right way, more as a study than a novel, it reveals every kind of interest. First, the contrasting types: the Colonel, flower of the old school; the ex-boy-trumpeter, full of possessive jealousy for his brigade; the Territorial captain, well-meaning, but irresolute and self-absorbed; and the rich young subaltern who is "not quite."

All these are admirably caught, first in tranquillity and friction, then as they are when the balloon goes up. Flashes of lively incident abound. But the unique attraction is the scene—the rendering of visual beauty, the descriptive phrase.

"The Dovebury Murders," by John Rhode (Geoffrey Bles; 10s. 6d.), starts with a seeming-pointless burglary at the "ink works," and goes on to the three Miss Pembridges, running a sale for the church tower. All things considered, they feel that Mr. Headcorn of Upyonda must be their treasurer as usual—though he never buys, and Mr. Tidworth, a retired chartered accountant, is probably more open-handed. They are quite satisfied with the result; but Mr. Tidworth, meeting the treasurer next day, loudly accuses him of peculation. He is invited to call round that evening and be disabused; and Mr. Headcorn offers him a glass of wine. Then Tidworth is no more—and Jimmy Waghorn takes over the case. This story would be a good example of the author's solid worth, but for the facts that (a) I never met a criminal who stuck out more, and (b) Jimmy is blind to the most glaring of initial points till more than half-way through.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

CHESS used to go out each year like a lamb. Nowadays, in Britain anyway, it goes down fighting like a particularly healthy lion, for Easter brings a spate of congresses which continue as no mere trickle through summer into autumn. This is almost entirely a post-war development: I can recall from pre-war days three or four Easter congresses at Margate, a couple of sociable but small affairs at Ludlow, but apart from the B.C.F.'s annual summer event, that was all.

This year's biggest Easter gatherings will no doubt be at Bognor (Southern Counties' Chess Union) and Birmingham (Midland Counties).

The Northern Counties assemble more individually: Cheshire at Wallasey, Lancashire this year at Salford, Yorkshire this year at Leeds.

The West of England Chess Association's devotees will forgather at Newquay, the Scottish Chess Association's at Stirling. Monmouth and Welwyn also had congresses last year, of which at least one is sure to be repeated.

One defection—really only a transference—is that of the British Boys' Championship, which, with the friendly assent of the Hastings Club, is to be included in the British Chess Federation's summer congress henceforth. The switch seems long overdue: the boys will be happier at their chess with exams behind them and a longer holiday to draw on.

At Whitsuntide our eyes will turn Ilford-wards, where, alongside normal play, there will no doubt be the frenzy of the British Lightning-Chess Championship, for those who like that sort of thing.

Following the B.C.F. congress (at Nottingham this year) will come the Chess Festival which I am organising myself at Skegness. I have just asked Señor Bordell, the Spanish master whose invitation to Hastings was withdrawn when the Russians refused to play with him, to take part: perhaps this will mollify Spanish indignation at the slight.

Even Skegness does not bring the stream to an end, for it is immediately followed by another organised by the Devon C.A. at Paignton.

Birmingham, Bognor, Nottingham and Skegness should draw 750 participants at least. The other events should double this total and, of course, for every enthusiast who actually plays, there are four or five who go along to have a look.

The prizes are so modest that nobody need worry about jeopardising his professional status. They do things a little more opulently, though more sporadically, in the States: Hollywood in July and New Orleans in August are to stage congresses, open to all who wish to compete, in each of which the first of numerous prizes are announced as "at least a thousand dollars."

Paignton wound up the Congress season last year with, among other surprises, the most extraordinary drawn game of the year.

ALLGAIER GAMBIT.

Kitto. White.	Milner- Barry. Black.	Kitto. White.	Milner- Barry. Black.
1. P-K4	P-K4	11. B-B4	B-K3
2. P-KB4	P×P	12. Kt×Kt	B×Kt
3. Kt-KB3	P-KKt4	13. Castles	B×B!
4. P-KR4	P-Kt5	14. Q×P	B×R
5. Kt-Kt5	P-KR3	15. R×B	Q×Pch
6. Kt×P	K×Kt	16. B-K3dis. ch	Q-B3
7. P-Q4	P-Q4	17. Q-B4ch	K-Kt2
8. B×P	Kt-KB3	18. R×Q	K×R
9. Kt-B3	Kt-B3	19. Q-B4ch(a)	K-K3
10. P×P	KKt×P	20. Q-Kt4ch	K-B3

Drawn by perpetual check.

(a) Not 19. B-Q4ch, Kt×B; 20. Q×Ktch, K-Kt3; 21. Q×R, because of 21. . . . B×B4ch followed by 22. . . . R×Q.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

A GREAT BOOK.

THOSE of us who were born of Anglo-Indian parents will be rather more than merely grateful for Mr. Philip Woodruff's "The Founders" (Jonathan Cape; 30s.) This is the first of two volumes—the second is to be called "The Guardians"—of a survey which the author calls "The Men Who Ruled India." Here at last is an objective and sympathetic account of the great British achievement in India; nothing extenuate, nor ought set down in malice; wise, temperate, loyal, generous and kind. Mr. Woodruff's method has been to tell the story through the people who created that story, and so in this first volume we begin with the foundation of "John Company," with the work of Hawkins and Sir Thomas Roe in the late years of Elizabeth I. and the reign of James I. Then we move through the foundation of the three Presidencies of Bombay, Madras and Bengal to the victories of the eighteenth century, from Charnock to Clive and Warren Hastings, by way of names which strike other notes in modern ears, such as William Hickey and Boy Malcolm. Mr. Woodruff shows the best and the worst of these merchants and administrators, in the persons respectively of such people as Vansittart and Verelst, or the deplorable Bolts. From 1798 to 1858 is, for the author, the Golden Age, although that period closes in the Mutiny, which he wisely describes as "an interruption" to the great work. It was the age of Munro and Elphinstone, of the two Lawrences and Dalhousie; the age when so much progress was made towards extirpating such horrors as human sacrifice, *suttee* and thuggery. "Here they are then," writes Mr. Woodruff, "the civil servants of the Honourable East India Company, learning among their bolts of gingham and taffety that they must be diplomats, administrators and soldiers; thrown suddenly into positions where the opportunities for wealth and power were such as have been open to no men since the Roman Emperors asserted their control over the pro-consuls; abusing their power and then transforming themselves into a body of men 'minutely just, inflexibly upright.' . . . To write of them as a class is inevitable, because that is the way men think; but human beings do not really fit into classes. The rulers of India were men, quick with fleshly desire, lust for power, and all the miraculous diversity of man; humorous, solemn and unpredictable; adventurous, soaked in routine, timid and bold. Yet they have something in common. Nearly all of them—after the transformation—believe that the performance of duty is something good in itself; hardly one questions the value of his work." Mr. Woodruff confesses to a "belief in the Christian doctrine that a man must be judged not by his worst so much as by his best, and in the end not even by his best but by what he aimed at. And so English rule in India is to be judged by the conscious will of England expressed in Parliament and by the aims of a good district officer, not by the nasty little atavistic impulses that came wriggling up from the subconscious when an official at the Treasury scored a departmental triumph over the India Office, when a merchant fixed something over an opulent lunch. I do not hesitate to call this a really great book.

In his "Round About India" (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 18s.), John Seymour adopts an entirely different approach. He is concerned with India since Independence, and he writes a documentary account of what he has observed personally—but he shares with Mr. Woodruff that objectivity without aloofness, that sympathy without party prejudice, which has been so miserably lacking in all too many of the books on the subject. As a result, one can settle down without misgivings to enjoy a vivid narrative, produced by a clear eye and a perceptive mind. Very rarely does Mr. Seymour indulge in those dangerous generalisations which tempt all visitors to lands of controversy. Instead, his book is a genuine personal record, valuable for the author's admirable discernment. His own photographs, with which the book is illustrated, do much to help us to see the India that he saw.

I did not choose the next book on my list—"Life Among the Savages," by Shirley Jackson (Michael Joseph; ros. 6d.)—with any intention of wounding the still rather prickly susceptibilities of the great Asian sub-continent. Indeed, Mrs. Jackson's savages are, in every sense of the word, domestic. "Our house," she starts, "is old, noisy and full. When we moved into it we had two children and about five thousand books; I expect that when we finally overflow and move out again we will have perhaps twenty children and easily half-a-million books." It is that kind of book—a delightful, tough, transatlantic "Mrs. Miniver," a real L.C.M. (if "Mrs. Miniver" may be regarded as an H.C.F.) of all homes and families. And because it is an L.C.M., Sally, Jannie, Laurie and the rest of them might as easily hail from London, Paris or Kamchatka as from New York or Michigan. Everything rings so painfully and exhaustingly true—the quarrels, the aimless domestic arguments, school, holidays, manners when eating in restaurants, the new baby. Mrs. Jackson ends by making a father of four feel that it is something more than worth while to be a parent—and thus deserves every penny of her royalties!

I cannot quite agree with the publisher's blurb which states that M. André Maurois is shown at his best in "My Latin-American Diary" (Falcon Press; 7s. 6d.). It is a very short work, arousing appetites which it makes no attempt to satisfy. Occasionally we get a witty or pithy reflection—"There is nowhere else in the world more than in South America where the traveller feels that it is a wonderful, and a difficult, thing to be a Frenchman"—but the accent is placed largely (and, of course, rightly, considering the author's original purpose) on the French reaction and point of view.

I wish I had more space to relate the delightful discoveries I have made in "A Field Guide to the Birds of Britain and Europe," by Roger Peterson, Guy Mountfort and P. A. D. Hollam (Collins; 25s.). There are owls like old Mr. Brown (to whom Squirrel Nutkin was so disgracefully impertinent, with such painful results), and eagles of imperial dignity, as well as a bewildering variety of birds like thrushes and sparrows, which I thought that even the amateur could recognise with fair certainty. Just the book for budding experts.

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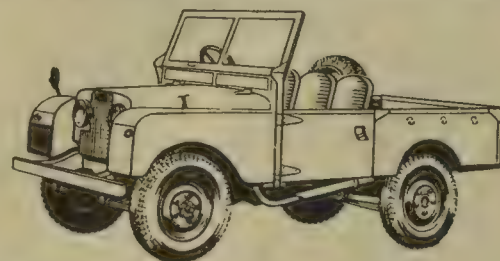
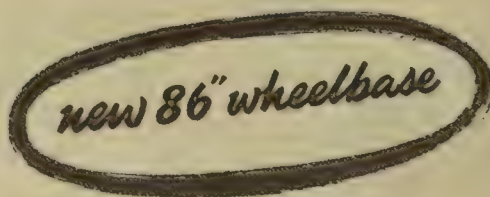
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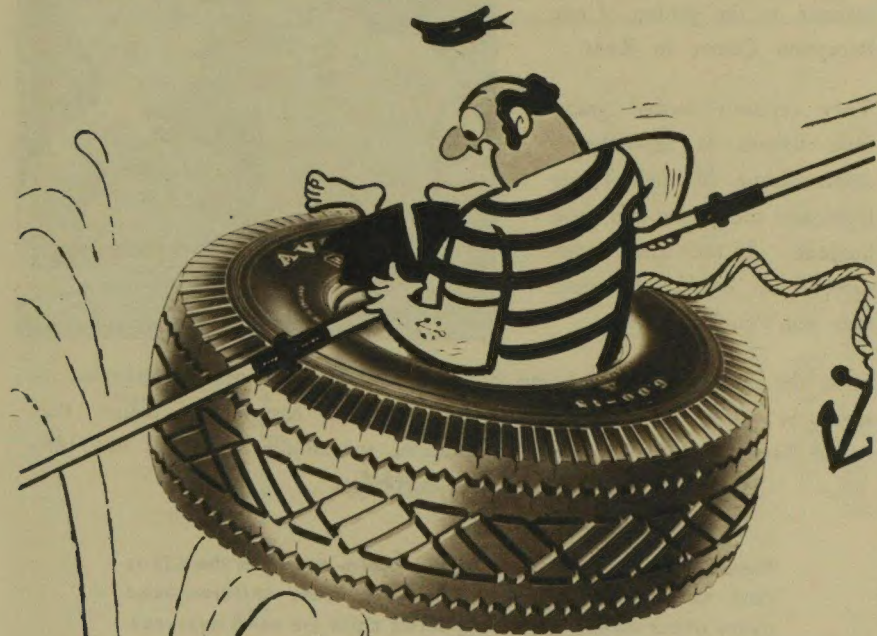
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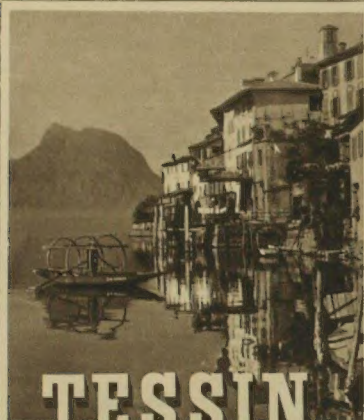
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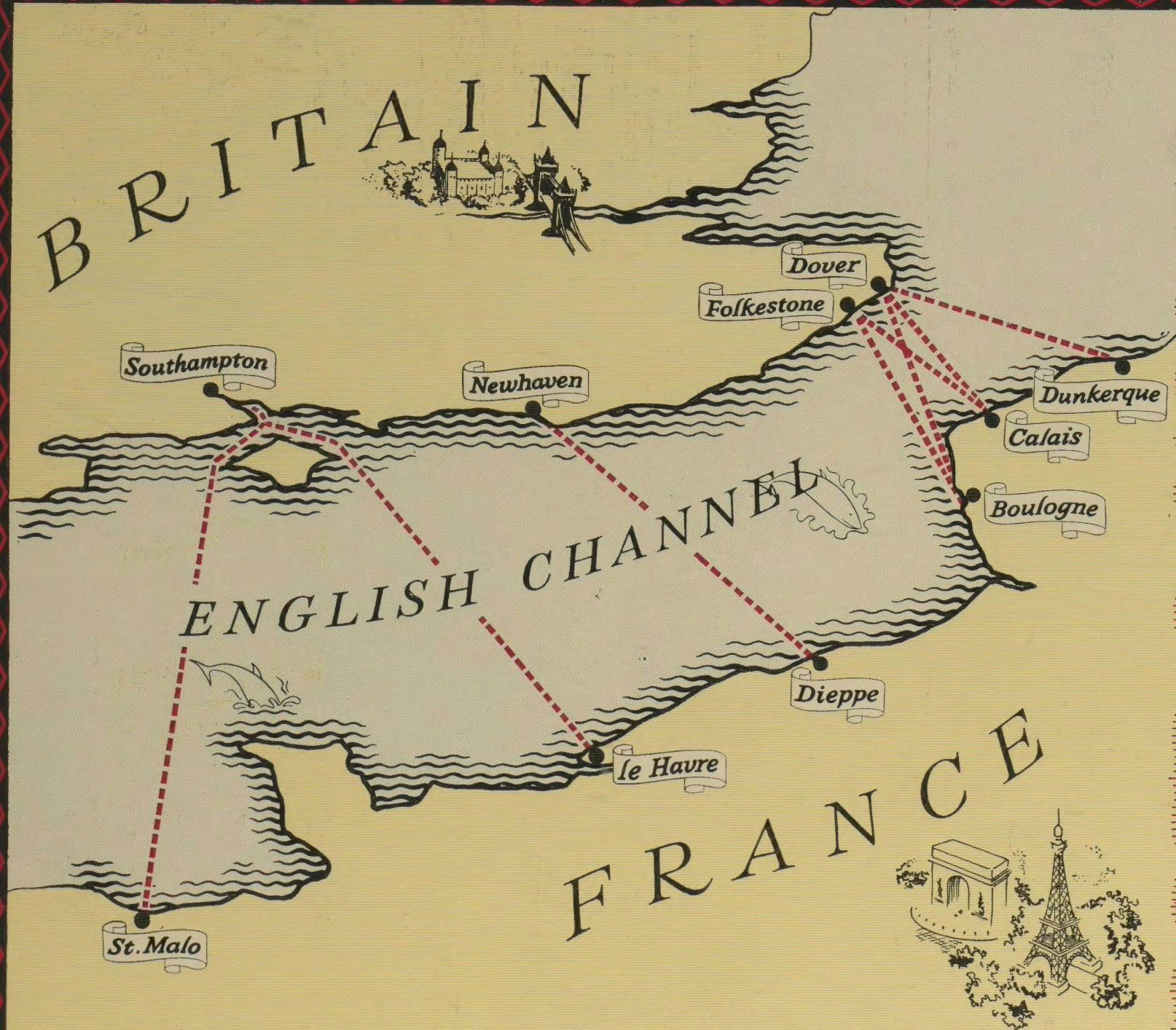
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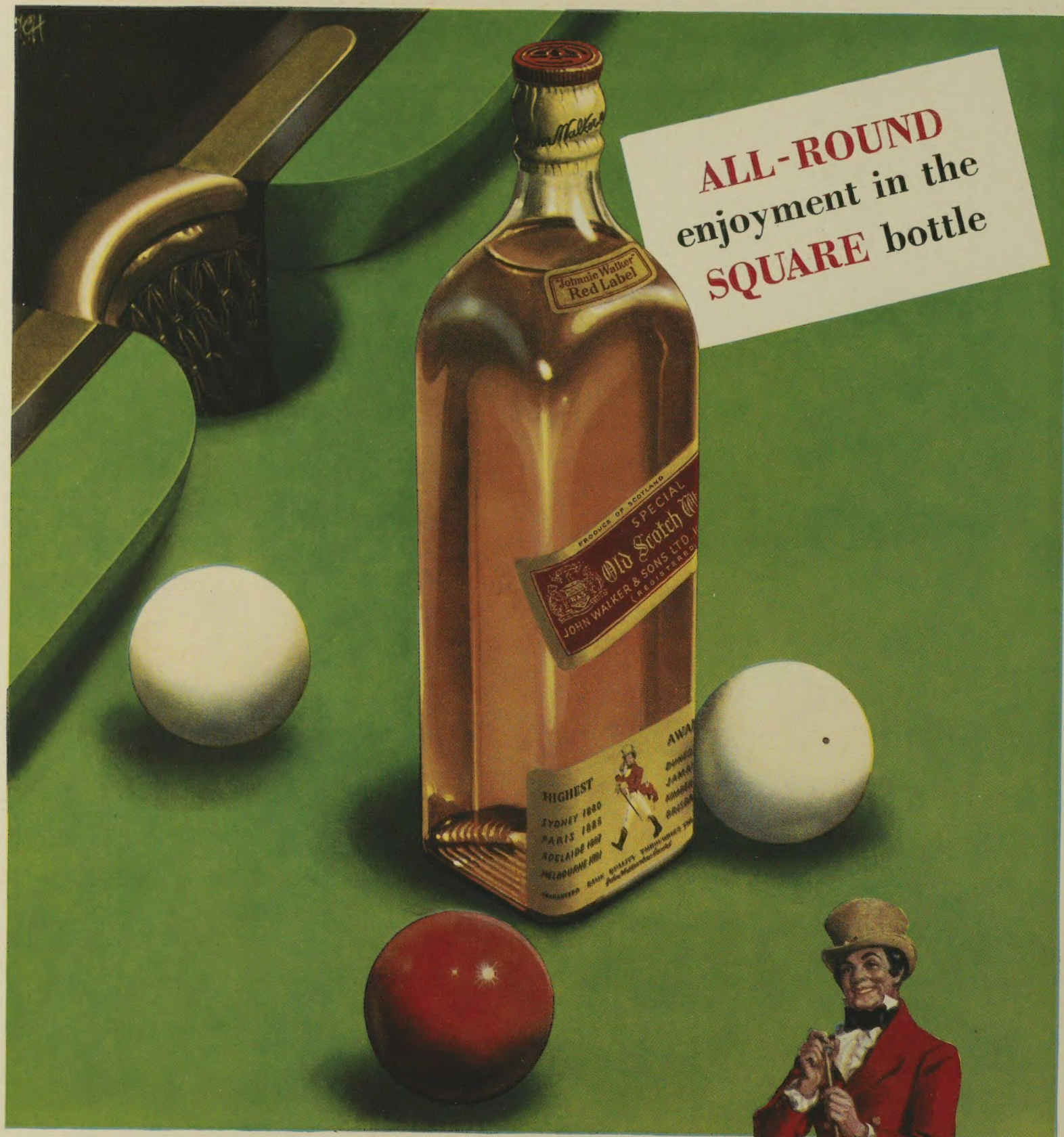
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